THE BYSTANDER
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JUNE 14, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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1/

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS and RESORTS—(continued).

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FRANCE.

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FRANCE—(continued)

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GERMANY—(continued).

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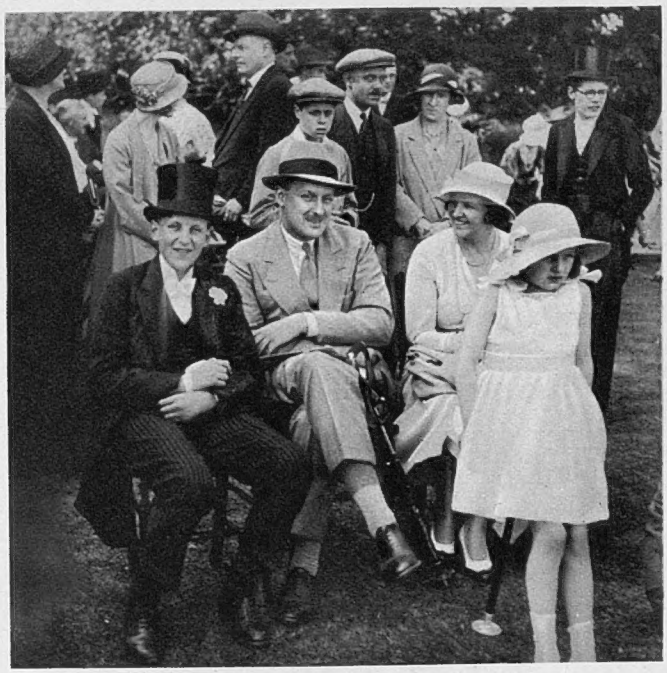
The BYSTANDER

Janet Jevons

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO AND LADY ANNE RHYS

The latest portrait of Lady Douro and her daughter, following the popular mother-and-daughter fashion, deserves a place "on the line" in the season's academy. Lady Douro is the wife of the Duke of Wellington's eldest son, and the sister of Lord Glentanar. Lady Anne Rhys's wedding to Lord Dynevor's youngest son, the Hon. David Rhys, was one of the big social events of the spring



Family Party at the "Fourth"

Left: the Earl and Countess of Bective, with Sir Rupert Clarke and Miss Muffet Clarke, Lady Bective's children, watching the Fourth of June cricket at Eton

Right: Lord Glenapp, the Hon. Alan Mackay, Lady Patricia Mackay, Lord Inchcape's children, the Ranee of Sarawak, his mother-in-law, and her two younger daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Valerie Brooke, down at a river-club at Datchet

A Double Family Party

THE • MIRROR • IN • MAYFAIR

A new Series of Reflections on the World and his Wife . . .

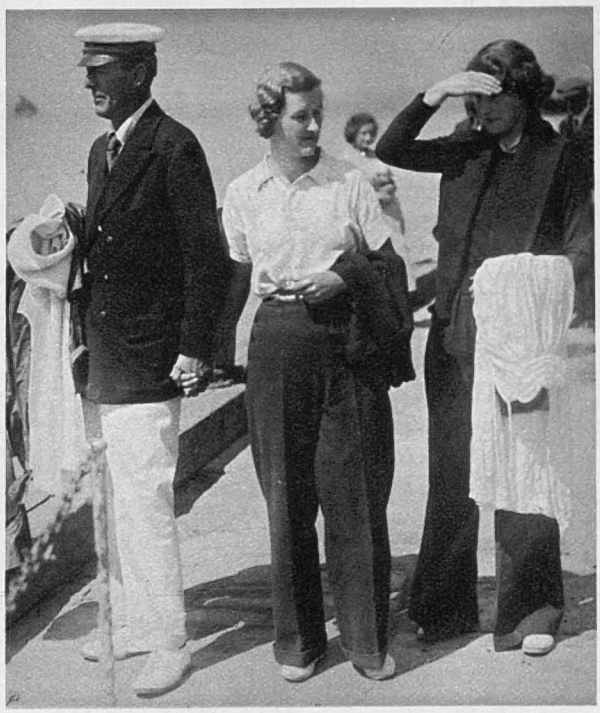
By "QUICKSILVER"

THERE is no doubt that a traveller soon shows his true character. Some people are flurried, some pugnacious, some pretentious, a great many very disagreeable. A pretty lady returning from a happy holiday at Le Touquet burst into noisy tears aboard the boat because there was no cabin for her. Two elderly gentlemen, who should have known better, a newspaper boy, and a harassed steward attempted quite unsuccessfully to console her.

A NUMBER of women evidently think it more aristocratic to look blasé, to be offensive to their fellow-travellers, and to thank nobody for anything. "The porters and the steward have been tipped!" —why should they add a gracious "Thank you"?

WITH no fuss, without notifying the railway officials, Mr. Montagu Norman walks quietly on to the platform a comfortable five minutes before the train starts. His carriage is reserved incognito, his secretaries accompany him. Tall, distinguished, with his hat pushed back at a jaunty angle, he talks animatedly and interestedly. On arrival in France, he steps off the boat when most of the crowd have hurried their way ashore. He is met by a French detective. Walking swiftly, his hat still on the back of his brilliant head, he disappears, doubtless to attend a conference of great bankers, or bent on other matters of supreme importance.

LEARN to enjoy travelling. One can find adventure, distraction, and a new knowledge of human nature. Mr. Bernard Shaw sits quietly in a corner seat reading a Socialist paper; he dozes; and finally sleeps, also very quietly. Lord Portarlington is genial, noisy, and full of good cheer. Lady Oxford and Asquith, since her great adventure with General Booth, is alert and interested in everything and everybody.



Arthur Owen

Major-General J. E. B. Seely, who is one of the new peers, but whose title is not known at the time of going to press, with his daughter, Miss Lou Seely, and his niece, Miss Hollins, ready to go off on his boat from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight

Colonel Boyd Rochfort and Miss Joan Robinson were two of the Le Touquet "set" at Whitsun, and are watching the bathing in the open-air pool

REAR-ADMIRAL BASIL BROOKE, Comptroller to the Duke of York, who, since the King's birthday, is Sir Basil, is a very popular person. He is good-looking, in a rugged, naval style, and he has an easy, charming manner which endears him to many people. His memory is royally prodigious, as he seldom forgets an acquaintance. Last year, when he won a small sweepstake prize, he was delighted, with the unaffected joy of a schoolboy. Lady Brooke used to dance graceful Spanish tangoes to amuse her friends;

Beside the Thames *Swaebe*

she has now turned this talent to good account, and has been acting in small parts in the film studio at Elstree.

I DO not know who has the largest number of decorations, but Lord Hardinge of Penshurst's make a wonderful show on State occasions. An Order hardly known to the general public is one which most discerning men would prefer; that is, the O.M. There are only seventeen holders, and the number is limited to twenty-four. Sir James Barrie and Mr. Lloyd George are both members of the Order of Merit.

NO country in the world has such characteristic servants as England. I mean, of course, the old-fashioned sort who consider

Below: Mrs. John Ellert, Miss Richardson, Mr. A. Taylor, and Lady Hulse at the Horseshoe Ball, which was held at the Dorchester in aid of the Old War Horses Fund. The Ball is a regular charity event of the season in Derby week

Swaebe

At the Horseshoe Ball

Miss Virginia Ridgley Carter, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Anne Rhys, wearing her wedding-dress, and Miss Mary Ridgley Carter were four more of the guests at the Horseshoe Ball

Swaebe

Another Family Party in the Sun

Lady Dunn, Sir James Dunn's attractive wife, and her small daughter, Anne, who is nearly four, were photographed at Encombe, Sandgate, where Lady Dunn had a Whitsun week-end party

themselves "one of the family," and who rejoice or mourn with their employers. Snobbish, obstinate, in many ways difficult, they are tremendously loyal, and capable of an intense devotion for which no sacrifice is too big. Firstly, there is "Nannie." How much we all owe to those women who give up the best years of their lives to other people's children!

EVERY morning the Duke of Sutherland eats his porridge out of a wooden and silver bowl given him by his old "Nannie." If "no man is a hero to his valet," every man is certainly one to his nurse. Lord Portarlington's butler is a great character, and has been with him nearly thirty years. By name of Sharp, he is also a Mr. Malaprop. One day, hearing someone arrive, Lord Portarlington asked Sharp who it was. "Her Ladyship's Messiah," came the answer, as Sharp showed the masseuse upstairs.

APART from the fact of becoming engaged without Royal consent, the Spanish Royal Family cannot approve of the passionate outpourings by the Prince of the Asturias to the Press. King Alfonso has always been a romantic figure, perhaps even

Fair Shots on the Le Touquet Whitsun Fairway

Mrs. Cecil Bury at the tenth hole on the old course at Le Touquet. She and her husband spent Whitsun out there with the Roger Peakes

Mrs. Geoffrey Ackroyd waiting to start. She is an American, and the wife of Mr. Geoffrey Ackroyd, who used to be in the Greys

Miss Helena Gervase, Mrs. Whitelaw, and Mrs. Simonds were another trio who went out in the midday sun and played their round of golf during the Whitsun week-end, when Le Touquet was as full and cheerful as English Bank Holidays always make it

Dr. Alington doing his last Fourth of June at Eton as Headmaster, and walking down to watch the cricket with his daughter. His successor, Mr. Elliott, did not appear

THE . MIRROR . IN . MAYFAIR

(Continued from page 459)

wildly romantic in his youth, but with it he has been dignified. King Alfonso is a clever man, and is, through his own forethought, a comparatively rich one. After the revolution, he was offered £1 a word for any article he would submit to the newspapers. £100 a hundred words! Needless to say, he refused. Queen Ena has always been considered the best-dressed Queen in Europe. Her fair English beauty took Spain by storm when she married, and her fashionable clothes and wonderful jewels made her a leader of fashion.

A FEW years ago Mayfair was "the" place to live: back streets and mews were combed for extra houses, every possible site was examined, bought, and built on. To-day, people are wiser. Mrs. Redmond McGrath's lovely home in Grove End Road could never have been designed in the confines of Mayfair. Her paved courtyard, her large, well-lit rooms on the ground floor, her lawn and garden remind one of a country house.

LORD and Lady Vernon have gone to Chelsea. They have built a modern white residence in a corner of Trafalgar Square. It invites every possible ray of sunshine; it has broad steps into a small but perfect garden.

LORD VERNON was in the Navy. He inherited from his brother, and married the same year that he succeeded to one of the most lovely Charles II. houses in the country. Sudbury Hall, in Derbyshire, is a show house, but it also has the advantage of not being too large. It is comfortable to live in. The State drawing-rooms are decorated with very fine examples of Grinling Gibbons carving. A few years go, Lord Vernon found the accounts, and discovered that Gibbons was paid the large sum of £40 for his work!

A MARVELLOUS pearl necklace was also discovered by Lord Vernon at Sudbury, green with age, the pearls dying because they had not been worn for so many years. To-day, perfect in colour and lustre, they invariably grace the neck of Lady Vernon. I think I am right in saying that only one pearl died completely.

SIR GILES ISHAM'S house, Lamport Hall, also seventeenth century, and built by a pupil of Inigo Jones, is being turned into a country club. It is near Northampton, and, appropriately, has stabling for thirty horses, besides a wonderful old garden. It has been in the Isham family for many generations, and Sir Giles is leaving all the family portraits on the walls for his new "guests" to look at.

BARONESS FURNIVAL has a daughter, born in Hong Kong, where she and her husband, Mr. William Dent, have been for the last year since their marriage. Baroness Furnival, who is the holder of one of the oldest peerages of the Realm, is a gay, amusing person, somewhat inconsistent, but very charming. She has a small, but well-trained, voice, and at one time contemplated a stage career; but the stage to-day is a profession with very high standards. To succeed, one must work really hard and sacrifice every other interest. Lady Furnival was too attractive; she wisely chose to remain a social success.

A Jewel in the Italian Crown

Verdi's "Otello" at Covent Garden

Left: Lady Newnes, Sir Frank Newnes's wife, and Miss Pamela Brownrigg arriving at the Opera House

Above are the Countess of Radnor and Mr. Talbot, who went to hear the performance of Verdi's great opera

Right: Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Eric Geddes are not among the musical regulars, but heard "Otello" together from a box

Two stars of the Italian season who were in the audience were Signor Formicchi and Mme. Gina Cigna, who, among their other appearances at Covent Garden, sang together in "La Damnation de Faust," the Berlioz opera

Lauritz Melchior, as Otello, gave one of the great performances of the season; he was singing the part for the first time in Italian. Giacomo Rimini took the part of Iago

Lady de Clifford, who was Miss Dorothy Meyrick, and Mrs. Lionel Edwards, wife of the well-known hunting-field artist, photographed in the interval

Left: Sergeant Oliver Brooks, V.C., taking charge of the Zero Hour Rum Ration, with some of the "applicants" who queued up for a tot at one-thirty a.m.

"Soldiers of the King"

The Ball in Aid of the Disabled Officers Garden Homes

A detachment of the Programme Recruit Platoon, armed with all their weapons of war, including Miss Elizabeth Arnold, Miss Muriel Alexander, Miss Sylvia Kentish and Miss Angela Parker

A "Cavalcade" supper-party: Mr. Stanley Scott and Miss Diana Wynyard, who was one of the Programme "Recruits" at the Ball

Below: Lady Plunket and Mr. Walter Crisham, whose exhibition dances have become almost a regular feature of this season's charity balls, did a tango in the cabaret

Lady Chichester and Mr. C. Hancock, who were two more of the guests, waiting for supper

Above: the Colonel's Lady (circa 1900), Miss Muriel Barnby, and the 1933 Subaltern, Mr. Patrick O'Moore, in "Mess and Pottage," a "quick-fire revue," which was in the evening's entertainment

Left: a supper-party in the flag-bedecked Dorchester, where the Ball was held, including Mr. Malcolm Vaughan, Miss Eileen Robey, Mr. Dudley Joel, Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, Mrs. John Rogerson, and Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Tucker

Flight-Lieut. Mellor and Miss M. Hambling watching their friends prepare for the next event

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott and Miss Victoria Brady with Mr. J. K. Matthews, who is in the Irish Guards, and was second to Mr. G. Potter in the Gwyn-Madocks Cup

Up, Guards, and in the Air !

The Household Brigade Flying Meeting

Right : the Hon. Mrs. Prior Palmer, whose husband is in the 9th Lancers, and Captain Archie Crabbe

Below, left : Mrs. F. E. Clifford, who was Miss Diana Kingsmill, and Captain and Mrs. Jack Hargreave at Heston, where the meeting was held

Above : Baroness de Forest, Mr. Whigham, and Miss Rosalind Norman outside the club-house at Heston

Left : Mr. Alwyn Cleaver, Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, and Miss Pamela Baker watching the autogiro versus aeroplane battle

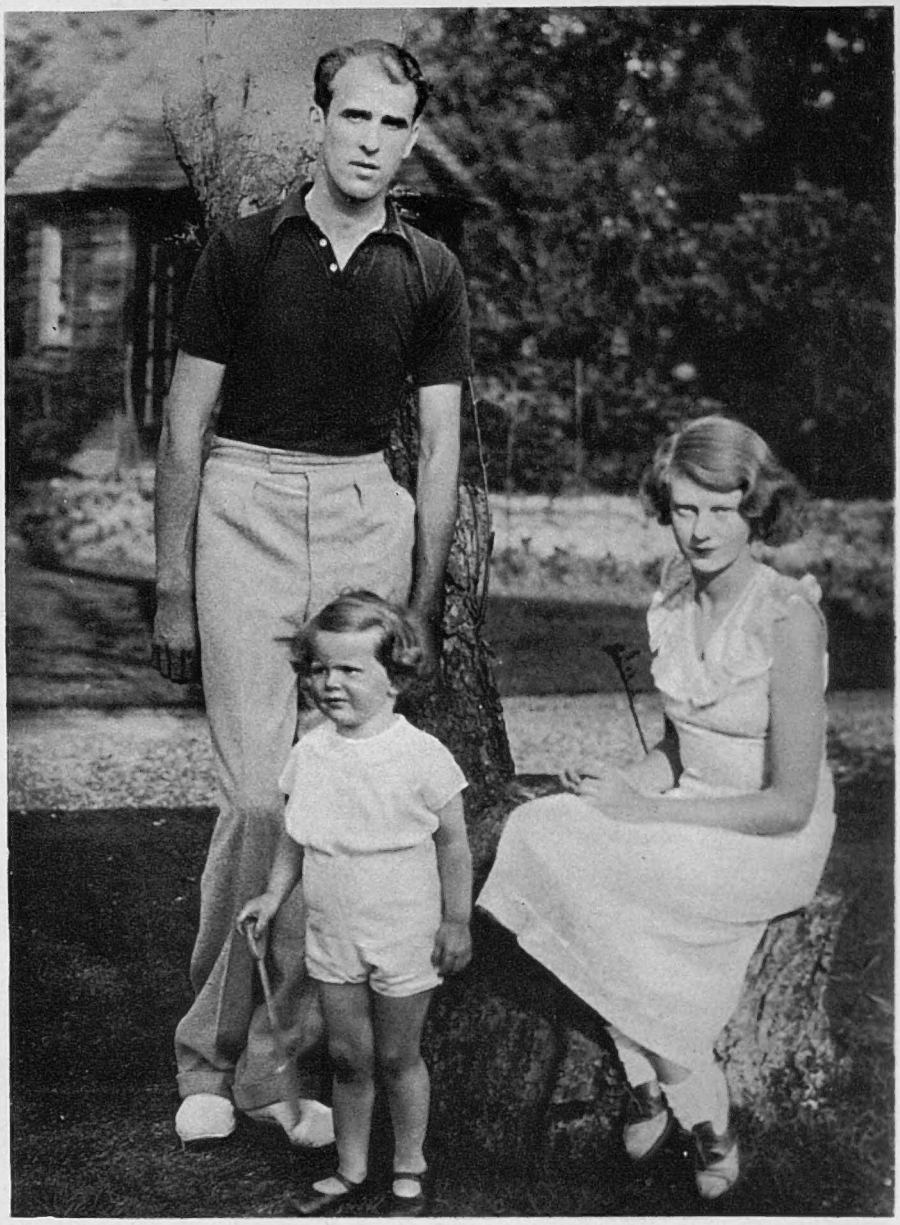
Above : Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P., the Under-Secretary of State for Air, presenting the Gwyn-Madocks Cup to the winner, Mr. G. Potter

Left : Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, who took command of the Air Defence of Great Britain in April, with Miss Chatfield

Fair and Warm

The Philip Kindersleys' Whitsun Party

Mr. C. Strickland and Miss Betty Tisdall were two of the party who stayed down in Surrey with the Kindersleys for the Whitsun week-end



The Host and Hostess and Their Son

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley have now got a house, Walton Oaks, near Tadworth, in Surrey, and some of their friends went down to stay with them there for Whitsun. Their garden was a very good place to spend the heat-wave week-end in. Gay Kindersley, who is with them, is their three-year-old son; they have a daughter called Tessa, who was born last year

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sutton belonged to the school of thought that believes in getting hotter to get cool, and in tennis as the best way of doing it

Right: Lady Brougham and Vaux, sitting in the shade with Gay Kindersley, the son of the house. Lady Brougham and Vaux has an eight-months-old son of her own

Photographs: A. Owen

A Racing Reverie

Epsom Ups and Downs

By "Regular"

EPSOM provided me with three good laughs, which is more than I could say of a play I saw recently which everyone told me was a "fair scream."

NUMBER 1 laugh was provided by one of our best-known Regularesses, who told me, in all seriousness, that she thought Gordon Richards was no good at Epsom. (This was on the first day, after he had ridden four seconds.)

NUMBER 2 laugh was caused by a bookmaker, who told me Tuppence was a ten-to-one chance, though if I 'd been a bookmaker I 'd have laughed even louder. While we 're on the subject, who in the world backed Tuppence? The only person I 've met was our parlour-maid, who had a shilling on, and even though bookmakers are always frightened of money which comes from the "right source," I cannot believe that it was her money alone which caused him to start that price. I may say that I 've given her a good scolding, and she 's promised never to do it again.

NUMBER 3 laugh was provided by one of our leading jockeys, who, when I asked him how he was, replied "None the better for being asked by you, after what you 've written." I puzzled my brains for some time before I could recollect having said anything about him which could possibly cause offence, and suddenly remembered that I had described how, in a certain race in which he had ridden, Gordon Richards had outridden his brother-jockeys. I always knew this young man had a good opinion of himself, but I never thought he considered himself as good as Gordon Richards.

IT never ceases to amaze me how touchy many of these little men are, and how much they resent any sort of criticism. Provided we scribes stick to describing their superbly ridden races, their glorious opportunism and their terrific finishes, everything in the garden is lovely, and they lap it up like a cat does milk, but once you suggest they lost a race they should have won, then the fat *is* in the fire.

WELL, old Uncle Regular gave you Hyperion, fear nothing (Stop interrupting, that boy, wasting my time asking questions about Felicitation and Betty), and I hope you all had a good win. Now this week, at Ascot, you *must* back Necker and Hill Cat, but Uncle Regular's odds to a bottle, fear nothing, is The Blue Boy, owned by Sir Wyndham Portal. Sir Wyndham likes to win at Ascot, but so, of course, do a lot of other people. Since writing the above, Sir Wyndham has told me he 's also very fond of winning at Brighton, and anywhere else as well.

FOR the benefit of my army of punters, who will be clamouring to recompense the "breadwinner" after the race, I will meet you *both* in the champagne bar, and please remember I don't like pints.

EPSOM was very jovial, flushed young men being rather patronising to lovely women, of whom, in the ordinary course of events, they 're frightened to death, conscious that Epsom and taxis are two of the very few places where men are still top dog.

OVER there, in the Members', old gentlemen in the oddest clothes are drinking themselves to Harrogate and punting their way to penury, while away on the course a number of sex-starved salvationists are letting off a lot of steam about being saved. A well-known Bar acquaintance of mine thought they were referring to something to get out on in the four o'clock, and went to find out what it was.

EVERYTHING went with a rare swing till the Friday. Even the stupidest of us won with almost monotonous regularity, but on the last day, with the Oaks going to a 25-to-1 chance, and Everlasting, which we thought "money from home," getting beat, we gave a good deal of it back.

QUITE a few people backed the winner though, including the Wellesley, Delmé Radcliffe, Martin Smith combine, and, judging by the enthusiasm I heard emanating afterwards from "that little room at the back," I imagine they made a rare killing. So, too, did Mr. Jack Clayton, but then, of course, "Clayton never loses." I wish I knew how he does it.

Another "Ladies' Day" photograph at Epsom: Viscountess Cranborne and Viscount Astor looking very well amused, but not, we think, at the racing

MUCH of the racing was on a par with what we 're accustomed to getting at Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, and Folkestone on any Monday or Tuesday, but we got suitably sentimental when old Brown Jack gave bundles of weight and years and years away, and won the Rosebery Memorial by a length.

THE Egerton brothers got even more sentimental when Merenda won the Foal Plate, as she is, of course, a daughter of Tiffin whom they had every reason to be grateful to for many a nice win, but who

Viscount and Viscountess Churchill were photographed together in the paddock at Epsom on Oaks Day

died shortly after presenting Lord Ellesmere with Merenda. Lord Ellesmere patted her, Hon. Francis gave her a handful of grass, Hon. Thomas looked rather more pleased than any Steward of the Jockey Club has ever looked before (Stewards of the Jockey Club don't look pleased, as a rule), while Hon. Wilfred has, I understand, adopted her as the Embassy mascot in place of the late lamented Jackson the Cat. Even a humble racing journalist experienced the unusual thrill of backing a winner and was duly grateful. Quite frankly, I didn't know who I was more pleased with, Merenda, or Mrs. Vernet, who laid me 6 to 4.

IT is no good my trying to tell you *who* was there, but if any of you Regulars, bar George Lambton, or Regularesses worthy of the name, who can prove an alibi will send me your names, I will see that you get a lovely mention, and if I haven't lost my influence with the Editor a nice picture of you as well.

IT was, though, a great joy to welcome a famous Irregular in Miss Gertrude Lawrence and witness her fighting heroically against "fearful odds." Miss Lawrence was wearing a pair of blue-spotted gloves which were obviously an own brother and sister to Statesman's blinkers, which made us all very excited. Miss Lawrence added a much needed gaiety to the proceedings. I gave her Still Free, to which she replied, I was lucky to be. She tells me she knows some even funnier ones than that. She is a *one*, isn't she? Anyhow, I wish she 'd go racing more often.

C

At the Theatre

These Warm Summer Evenings

Sketches by ROUSON

"Diplomacy" and despair at Prince's Theatre: Henry Beauclerc (Gerald du Maurier) consoles his brother, Julian (Basil Rathbone), when the latter receives the letter which shatters his illusions concerning his bride

"SALLY WHO?" at the Strand is one of those reach-me-downs for the mentally stock-sized which it isn't much fun to write about. I've ostentatiously opened the programme to remind myself of the business on hand, but you know how hard it is to concentrate on trifles in a heat-wave. Any theatrical grey-matter that remains above melting point insists on oozing off at sundry tangents. I find myself pondering deeply about Diana Wynyard's heroic adventure with *Wild Decembers*; about the fate of *Martine*, which is so sensitive a little plant that these warm summer evenings, plus the man-in-the-street's estimate of what constitutes entertainment, may prove too arid a soil for delicate roots; and about the Shilling Theatre in Fulham. I must go there quickly, whatever the temperature, if only to see Margaret Rawlings. You can count the actresses with a soul, as well as beauty, on ten fingers, and somewhere back of my memory there is a pigeon-hole labelled "The Venetian," where the image of Miss Rawlings still glows like a flame which is half a rose.

ABANDONING poetry (with a slight blush) for Peg-o'-My-Heartiness, let me dispose of *Sally Who?* at last by saying that if you like the Ugly Duckling stuff, Jessie Matthews is the Cinderella for your money.

You get the complete transformation from dreadful clothes and Australian tap-room slang (Sally's mother was a barmaid and ever so promiscuous) to billowy chiffon and quite nice country-house manners. You also get the paternity joke and the cheque-book joke, each to the third degree.

You can hardly blame author Dion Titheradge for either pair of triplets, because second and third acts are not born, but made. And, anyway, Spencer Trevor, in his best martinet manner, and Edmund Willard, very tough-customerish with a brogue, are an amusing pair of putative fathers and not above taking it all seriously.

This feat of deception Arthur Wontner seemed unable to perform. His Harley Street doctor never forsook an aloofness, combining the severest bedside manner with the air of a headmaster suffering, with ill-concealed ennui, the inanities of the Lower Third. This explained why Sally's mother ran away to Australia after a month of marriage and also why the Doctor's second choice was a young Vere de Vere of appalling priggishness, compared to whose refainement Mary Jerrold's top-drawer charm seemed positively royal. Jessie Matthews says her piece with quite irresistible roguery, while Sonnie Hale, as a good husband should, hovers lightly and brightly in her train.

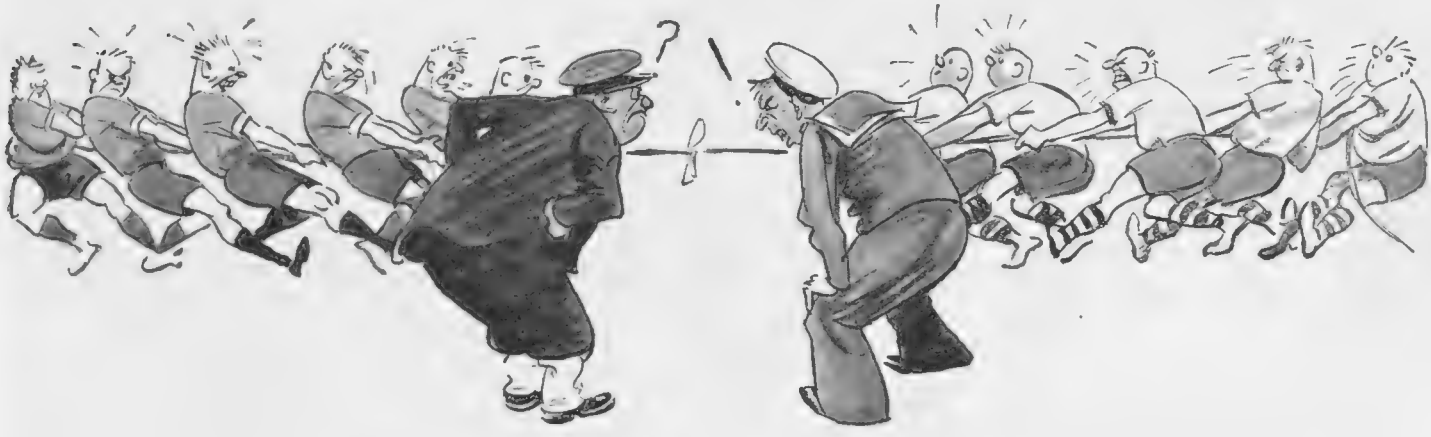
TRINCULO.

"Sally Who?" at the Strand

The arrival of Sally and its unfortunate results. Sally (Jessie Matthews) arrives and her three would-be fathers, Sir Thomas Occleve (Spencer Trevor), Jim Byrne (Edmund Willard), and Hugh Perryn (Arthur Wontner) try to decide who is really entitled so to call himself

Trick riding by the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars—or the sport of clearing the heavy-weight

Mounted dirt-track riding by the Royal Corps of Signals



Revealing the friendly spirit in the Royal Navy Tug-of-War Championship

Physical Training Display by the Royal Air Force Beauty Chorus. A very popular display

Royal Navy and Royal Marine Field Gun Display

Recollections of the Most Royal Tournament

Sketches by H. H. Harris

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

OUR new *Who's Who in the Stock Exchange* brings to light some curious and amusing combinations of names. The first series, herewith, covers the trades and handicrafts represented in the House, of which there are no less than forty-five. Leading the way, by virtue of their numbers, are the Smiths, forty-four of them, plus one Smith-Bingham; to announce their grand parade there is a Bugler. Then there are a Cartwright, a Wheelwright, and nine miscellaneous Wrights; a Carpenter, eight Coopers, a Glazier, four Masons, and three Slaters. There are, further, twenty-one Bakers, of whom Ernest Baker, as a Trustee and Manager, is, of course, the Master Baker, three Butchers and six Millers; four Barbers, eight Butlers, two Chandlers, and two Cutlers, one Glover, three Goldsmiths, and eighteen Taylors. Among the more agricultural pursuits, we find four Carters, one Falconer, six Fishers, one Fowler, eight Hunters, one Plowman, three Shepherds and twelve Walkers, none of whom, however, was in the recent Walk. Eight Fletchers, four Fullers, two Parkers, three Potters, one Salter, three Skinners, one Spiller, one Spooner, and seven Turners are a less well-known batch of craftsmen (what *is* a Spooner?); three Palmers, and a Pothecary, smack of the past, while a Messenger and a Porter, a Proctor and a Foreman, and a Reader and a Writer complete the series.

TURNING from the trades to high society, this exclusive set is composed of nine Kings and one Prince, two Angels and one Cæsar, three Nobles, seven Knights and four Pages. The Church is represented by two Popes, six Bishops, two Priests, one Monk, four Deacons and a Beadle.

AGRICULTURALLY speaking, the House contains one Bean and two Berrys, three Birches, one Maple and one Tree, two Campions, two Flowers, two Roses and two Thorns, one solitary Reed, and four of the Moss variety. In the larder are Beer, Candy and Ginger, Lemon and Peel, Parkin and Rice. Weights and measures include three Miles, one Furlonge, one Pole, one Ell, and two Pecks. To conclude this week's selection, there is in the House one Body, with two Bones, two Heads and three Beards.

THE election for the vacancy on the Committee, due to the very untimely and unexpected death of David Jacobs Singer, took place last Monday, the two candidates being Warwick Smith and Hubert Smithers. Warwick Smith, who is a broker, is a good deal of a reformer; he has a forceful character, and is extremely outspoken. He was on the Committee some years ago for a short time, but his plain speaking was not appreciated by everyone "upstairs," and he resigned in consequence, realising the impossibility of ploughing a lonely furrow. Hubert Smithers, who is a young and popular member, is the third of the four brothers who are partners in Akroyd and Smithers, the others being Waldron, M.P. (the "Newfoundland Pup"), Langley, who is the moving spirit in "Windy Corner," and Norman.

THE collection for the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund totalled £37,210, a very creditable amount after what has been, for most people, a bad year. The two favourites, Cyril Praed and Charlie Butcher, headed the list of collectors, with £5730 and £5115 respectively. As no one saw Cyril Praed collecting on the other side of the House, the suggestion was put forward that his firm drew the amount he produced out of their petty cash.

A BENEVOLENT FUND story:—

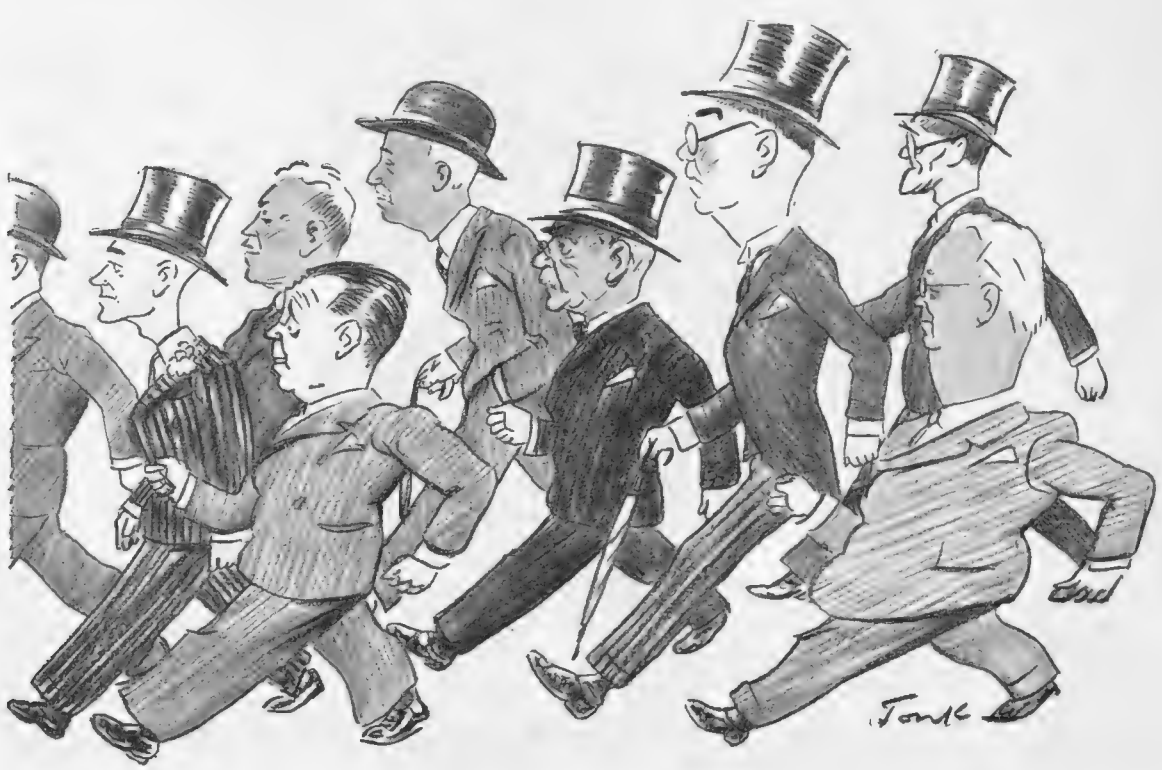
"Well, I hope you gave more than you did last year."

"Last year? I didn't know then whether I was a 'giver' or a 'taker'!"

THIS year's Derby wasn't very profitable to members, and there were no particular excitements over it, except the usual shout of "They 're off!" at three o'clock, followed by a lot of foot-stamping. H. A. Greenhill, of Francis and Praed, whose nickname is "Tiger," was presented with a toy tiger with a scarlet ribbon round its neck, and told to back his namesake. but that didn't make him rich. Akroyd and Smithers have a telephone office in the same block of buildings as the House, and, on Derby Day, twenty or thirty favoured individuals are always asked up there to hear the race broadcast on the firm's wireless.

TWO strangers who walked through the House the other day had an amazingly peaceful and undetected passage. No one noticed them at all till they were practically at the door on their way out, when a bit of shouting started. They looked so unconcerned that everyone who saw them was paralysed with amazement, and one of them got out of the door without being touched. The second, who was wearing a bright green suit, was dragged back, but, before the fun began, a waiter rushed in and was able to whip him away into safety. And they were such obvious strangers, too.

A LAMENT from the Kaffir market: "I 've stood here for thirty years, and all I 've got to show for it is varicose veins."



Some of the Smiths on Parade

Messrs. A. K., H. R., H. E., Lancelot, H. Le Blanc, H. W., C. J. B., and H. G. M. Smith

Versa-Tilley-ty

Quaint Character-Studies, and a Quite Serious Portrait, of the Windmill Theatre Comedian

The Ring-Master

John Tilley as he appears in one of his amusing character rôles at the Windmill Theatre, where he is the principal comedian

NOT all comedians possess a sense of humour or of the ridiculous. It seems, in certain cases, to be ridiculous to call them comedians. But such a stricture does not apply to John Tilley, who for a long time past has been attracting playgoers to the Windmill Theatre, where Revuedeville No. 26 has lately been staged. On the right he will be seen, as Lord Trenchard's First Recruit, giving his idea of what members of the Force will be like and how they will behave when this Force is recruited from the Public Schools. A striking uniform, you will observe, with a truncheon it would be a pleasure to be struck with. Next to this picture John Tilley is pictured as one of those little fellows who, sitting in the stern of a craft, are often accused of losing a race which a hard-working eight is doing its best to win

John Everard

In Mufti

A pencil portrait of John Tilley as he appears off the stage in his own character. From a drawing by Chloë King Bull

Lord Trenchard's First Recruit

The Coxswain

Sasha

At Nash's Club Party at the Carlton

Above: an after-supper view at the Carlton when Nash's Club were there in force; the group includes Miss R. Henderson, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Russell, Miss Simson, Mr. Maxwell, Miss Russell, Miss Hunter, and Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas

Swaebe

Left: "June" and Lord Duncannon, the Earl of Bessborough's eldest son, having a heat-wave lunch out of doors at Great Fosters

". . . now that June is here"

Sasha

Captain and Mrs. Woolf Barnato dancing together at Nash's Club party, which was held just after the Derby, and was its usual grand success

HOT-POT

CAN one cavil at cads? A lady with a profile can assure us it is useless.

* * *

"BLONDE or Brunette?" A very sporting baronet must be finding the choice difficult with such beauties.

* * *

A MUCH-ADVERTISED millionaire is most voluble about his fiancée's past.

* * *

DOES a good-looking and good politician like castles?—in the air, of course.

* * *

EVEN a rise in oil does not seem to smooth the troubled home-waters of a large shareholder.

* * *

A VIRTUOUS woman may be above rubies, but what about emeralds?

THE Ritz—
Bridget Poulett looking wistful.
Margaret Sweeny very sweet.
Nancy Smiley, oh, so blissful,
Katherine Horlick dark and neat.
Betty Colclough very slender,
Others can I quote at will.
Being of the other gender—
I 'm just there to pay the bill.

* * *

A RECENT super-quick marriage left one broken heart; but least said, soonest mended.

* * *

HAVE Lord Selby and his bride received many wedding presents?

* * *

IS a diet-fiend, with coronet, somewhat depressing company these days?

DOES the Maharajah of Rajpipla admire blonde or brown hair?

* * *

A LOVELY lady of leisure has a tiresome bridge-side manner.

* * *

WE gather that a well-known cricketer does not think it should be played indoors.

* * *

A YOUNG man finds illness a continuous excuse and Soho a sanctuary.

* * *

To a Duchess:
A little less and how much more (attractive).

* * *

To a faithful young man:
Stone walls do not a prison make—unless golden-lined.

* * *

REMEMBER, O Lady, the words of the Apocrypha: "The stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh; but the stroke of the tongue breaketh bones."

* * *

"HIGH-HAT" is fashionable in mode and manners where a Peeress is concerned.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

No. 2

Mrs. Vernet

IF you go to Ascot to-day you will see her for certain on the Rails in her accustomed place. If it is fine, she will be wearing a floppy black hat and a pale green and white chiffon frock. If it is wet, you can bet your boots she will be in a tailor-made, with a white mackintosh and a red hat. In either event she will be remarkably busy, very soft-voiced, and, if slightly overwhelmed with bets, her left hand will be curved over the top of her hat, holding it down on the right side of her face. White hair, blue eyes, and a schoolgirl complexion are a charming combination. But Mrs. Vernet has had white hair ever since she was twenty-four, like her father before her. Her mother, who is in the early 'sixties, was a Cuninghame of Ayrshire, but lives with her at Brighton. She is very proud of her daughter, who made Turf history the day that the Lord Chamberlain gave her permission to bet on the rails at Ascot. She is the first woman thus privileged. With what success is proved by the statistic that, a year ago exactly, she took 2554 bets in the course of the single afternoon, ranging from ten shillings to one hundred pounds each. Yet she never gets flurried.

MRS. VERNET went on the stage at sixteen, married at seventeen, had the marriage annulled shortly afterwards, married again, and divorced her second husband four years ago. She has no children. She would have no time for them. During the Flat Season she races five or six days every week. Her average over the year is four days a week, amounting to about two hundred days a year. Which is about the number of times she goes out dancing. Dancing and gardening: these are her real hobbies. Oddly, she hates noise. For she is a very gentle creature. This is strange when you think of the din which is Tattersalls. As to food, she never has more than a grape-fruit before dinner-time, and then she has only one dish. In that way, she says, she can have a different meal every evening for three months—chicken casserole one day, a fillet of steak with mushrooms the next, and so on. She drinks nothing but champagne and China tea, and lives at Brighton, like others of her calling. She wants a garden more than anything in the world. She likes Chinese decorations and red lacquer. She believes she was a Buddhist priest in her last incarnation. She thinks that love is the best thing in the world, and always backs horses with some combination of that word in their names. But she never bets more than one pound herself. The proudest day of her life was the day she was made a director of Ladbroke's, and I believe that her favourite horses are Tons of Money, Orwell, and the late lamented Tishy.

HER Christian names are Helen Monica. Her height, I should judge, is 5 ft. 4 in. She can do the twelve hundred yards down the covered way from Tattersalls to Ascot Station in seven minutes. She has been a bookmaker for fifteen years, and made her original book without anyone to aid her. Yet she would rather have been a prima ballerina. Dancing, not laying odds, is her idea of self-expression. The tango, in fact, rather than Tattersalls, and ballet rather than bookmaking. For, despite her profession, she remains entirely feminine—the Rose in the Ring, as it were.

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

THE House of Commons, for the next few weeks at least, is going to play second fiddle to the World Economic Conference. Its inauguration was all that could possibly be desired ; it is up to the delegates now to deliver the goods. Mr. MacDonald will certainly not spare himself. If anyone can produce results from his international conglomeration it is he, and he knows it. And he knows, too, that those who believe in him have great expectations.

THE House, returned yesterday, will settle down to two more months of routine ; deadening slow-motion stuff, but which must be attended to if the country is to go on, irrespective of what the gallant two thousand at South Kensington are deliberating for the world.

WE finished before the Whitsun adjournment with an empty Chamber the rule rather than the exception. The Finance Bill and Agricultural Marketing Bill are not the subjects to move the House, and it is all to the credit of those Members who sat them through. The absentees should be told off by their constituencies as well as by Captain Margesson.

MAJOR ELLIOT is still the most consistently successful Minister. It was nice to hear him pay a well-deserved tribute to Dr. Addison, his Socialist predecessor. Few of Major Elliot's colleagues would have done the same thing had they been in his place. Cheap gibes are too frequent from the Front Bench. It is so easy to score off an opponent. A pat on the other fellow's back merely emphasises the strength of one's own case.

OF the junior Ministers, Mr. Oliver Stanley has taken most of the limelight, but Dr. Burgin and Colonel Colville, both of the Board of Trade, have made reputations that seem to point to Cabinet rank for them in the future.

COLONEL COLVILLE was, I think, the only Conservative to win a Socialist seat in the 1929 débâcle. He is a business man, forty-ish, nothing particular to look at. How he came to get a job in the National Government I do not know, but whoever pushed his claims deserves our thanks. Colonel Colville may turn out to be one of the biggest finds in politics for the last fifty years. He knows his work perfectly, speaks well, and is obviously sincere. If he gets the chance, he will be also original.

I THINK Sir Edward Hilton Young is the disappointment of this Government. He gives one the impression of being over whelmed by his work at the Ministry of Health—snowed under, in fact. He seems depressed. He is a little better now that he is not put up so often as Government spokesman from the Front Bench, but he is not really happy.

MOST people regard Mr. Jack Jones, M.P. for Silvertown, as little more than the House of Commons' wit. Before this Parliament, the House itself held this opinion of him. Now he has surprised us all—his own Party included. His speeches have shown that he can eschew his jokes and make a sound construction or critical contribution with the best if he wants to. He has the common sense of the ordinary Englishman, and when he likes to use it he can be as useful in debates as formerly he was a nuisance.

ANOTHER Socialist, Mr. David Grenfell, asked the other day for particulars of the champagne imports. He received the amazing information that this year they show a considerable increase over last year. What is Mr. Grenfell going to do with this information ? Is it to be used for propaganda purposes ? But I must confess I should like to know myself who are the people who are increasing their consumption of champagne. Anyway, Mr. Grenfell would be wise to find out before he starts drawing conclusions.

Sir Edward Grigg — *Lenare*

The Conservative candidate for Altrincham, where there has been a slight rift in the lute of the Party, and the name of Mr. Randolph Churchill was mentioned as a rival Conservative candidate ; an idea which, however, came to nothing. Sir Edward was at one time a journalist, became Mr. Lloyd George's private secretary, and was National Liberal Member for Oldham, 1921-22. He has also written a book

THE entertainments which have been planned for the Economic Conference delegates grow in number daily. The official list contains all that it should contain : a royal Garden Party, a Londonderry reception, a Lord Mayor's banquet, a City dinner. And, for lighter fare, Mr. J. H. Thomas is to be host at a Government luncheon, and the Astors are having tea at Cliveden.

THE First Lord of the Admiralty is giving an evening party, and so is the League of Nations Union. I wonder if the same guests will be found at both, for Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, not long ago, spoke his mind about the League of Nations Union, and said a good many things that a lot of people had thought for a long time, but funked saying.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON, the new Member for Hitchin, is unfortunately not a good speaker, so he may find it difficult to put his experience across the House. His career has been splendid, but he is not the man to set the Thames on fire. Then who is ? Certainly not Mr. Randolph Churchill, whom we are all getting a little tired of. Nothing annoyed the House more than his comments on Oxford, and it surprised a number of us to see that now serious-minded young man, Quintin Hogg, associated with him.

"Our watchword, ladies and gentlemen, is Proboscis publico . . ."

Peter North

THE HON. MRS. IAN CAMPBELL

A new and attractive portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, who, before her marriage in 1927, was the Hon. Janet Aitken, and is the only daughter of Lord Beaverbrook. She has two brothers, of whom the elder, the Hon. Max Aitken, is a director of two of his father's papers; and the younger, the Hon. Peter Aitken, comes of age this year

MUSIC and all That . . .

Kreisler, Menuhin and Opera

By "Melos"

Herr Fritz Kreisler, photographed with his wife, after his recital at the Albert Hall, his only appearance in England this season. Frau Kreisler is always with the great violinist whenever and wherever he plays

Mr. Charles Moore in his office at the Royal Opera House; he has been appointed managing director of Covent Garden in succession to the late Colonel Eustace Blois. The season now ended has been successful and came to an end all too soon

KREISLER'S one and only concert this season brought about a violent attack of feminine hysteria. The great violinist was not only importuned into giving numerous encores and thus prolonging his concert by at least forty minutes; he was mobbed by women when it was over, asked for handshakes and autographs, and had to have a way carved for him to his car.

This is a modern development of a very ancient practice, on which it is an improvement. The objects of Albert Hall hysteria—it seems a difficult spot in which to be hysterical—used to be operatic divas taking their last positive farewell but four; pianists or violinists with long hair; and little boys in black velvet suits and lace collars (never little girls, for the prodigy business runs in the male line).

I CONSIDER the modern the better type of musical hysteria, since it is less concerned with non-essentials.

Kreisler does not wear a velvet suit and a lace collar; he does not even wear his hair long. He is a matter-of-fact, grey-moustached man who might be a military officer—which, in fact, is what he was during the war.

There is no nonsense about him, and nothing extraordinary about him at all, except the superb quality of his playing. He plays a few "ear-ticklers," mostly among the encores; but these form but a small proportion of his programmes, which have much that is austerely classical about them.

Yet women hold a sort of jamboree. Can it be because of the unaccompanied Bach? I doubt it. But I prefer to be comforted by the thought that the jamboree is evoked by the best in music and not the worst.

The only matter for regret in the recitals of violinists of the eminence of Kreisler is that they will play concertos, or parts of concertos, to a piano accompaniment, instead of following the composer's intention and playing them with an orchestra.

The reason is obvious and a matter of business. If one can fill a huge hall entirely off one's own bat, with the exception of the gentleman "at the piano," who receives a few guineas, it is not necessary to go to the heavy expense of hiring an orchestra, which eats into the profits. The result is that one hardly ever hears the giants of the violin play a concerto in its proper circumstances.

A RECENT exception has been Yehudi Menuhin, a non-Hitler youth of brilliant technique and with a musical sensibility far beyond his years. Yehudi has been playing the Elgar violin concerto (which is dedicated to Kreisler) in Paris, not only with a full orchestra, but with the composer conducting.

Sir Edward, at seventy-five, at last seems to have a future in Paris, which has hitherto hardly given a thought to his music. That is not surprising. The French are musically (and in every way, though that is another matter) the most insular people in the world. They take only the smallest interest in the works of foreign composers, as Wagner found with *Tannhauser* in the 'forties.

I SEE that it has been pointed out in connection with this visit of Elgar to Paris that it cements the musical entente cordiale between the two countries, for, "at a tiny village near Fontainebleau, France shelters the great English composer Delius."

That is charming. But it is charming tommy-rot. Delius is certainly a great composer, who, over seventy years ago, was born in Bradford. But one of his parents was a German; he has lived on the Continent for over forty years, and before that he was orange-planting in Florida. I derive the most exquisite satisfaction from Delius's music. I wish I could derive equal satisfaction from persuading myself honestly to regard him as a British composer.

THE Covent Garden opera season has come to a close all too soon. I do not agree with the pleas for opera at cheap prices all the year round, or even for the greater part of the year, which would be a somewhat trying prospect. Opera should be given in small doses and given superlatively well. This cannot, obviously, be done unless the finest available artists and a large and excellent orchestra are engaged. But six weeks is too short a time.

The season has been a brilliant one. In the performances of German opera there was hardly a flaw. If the Italian portion of the season was in some respects a disappointment, with probably the worst performance of *Aïda* Covent Garden has ever known, *La Tosca* and *La Bohème* have been given twice, each time well, and there have been interesting (and plucky) revivals of Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* and of Verdi's *Don Carlos*, which, so far as London is concerned, had been tucked away on a dusty shelf for close on seventy years.

WHICH brings me to the inevitable contrast between German and Italian opera. Music-lovers, who rarely love each other, will always fight over this point. Indeed, music-lovers fight over nearly everything connected with music, which is the least of all the arts to promote harmony.

People who write and talk about pictures or literature argue without losing their tempers. When music is discussed, sense of proportion and sense of humour are alike lost.

Oh, the Sweet Innocence of Youth !

Two Ingénues and Ugly Duckling

Sasha

Pastoral

Sieglinde (Eve Lister) and Karl (Bruce Carfax), out with a walking party, meet with an accident at Stony Brook, on the road to Munich, in "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's Theatre

Sasha

Pathos

Right: Jessie Matthews as Sally, in "Sally Who?" at the Strand Theatre, one of those unsophisticated young things, dear to the heart of the dramatist, who sheds her gaucherie, here depicted, only just before the final curtain

Left: Victoria Hopper, a young actress of the very greatest promise, who seized her chance when cast for the name-part in "Martine," at the Ambassadors' Theatre, and delighted hardened critics as much as less sophisticated playgoers with a performance of much simple beauty

Vieux Jeu

The Passing Picture Show

A New Star Makes New Fans

Baby Leroy, the very small but very successful star of "A Bedtime Story," would be getting a big fan mail by this time if he was interested in such things. Maurice Chevalier's girl-friends, who still like him more than his young friend, are Helen Twelvetrees and Leah Ray

Tom Brown, Richard Barthelmess, and Sally Eilers in a scene from "Central Airport," at the New Gallery, yet another film of air ups and downs, and, of course, mostly downs

In the Air

Barthelmess the Unbeatable; and a Brilliant Baby

By Sydney Tremayne

In a box at the Derby someone said despairingly: "How shall we ever find the car. If only one could get into a 'plane and fly home." The obvious answer was that in a few years that is exactly what we shall all be doing; but one anticipates even more devastating traffic problems when thousands of 'planes have to land and "park" and take off successfully.

But anything connected with flying is interesting and exciting, and the quite amazing "stunts," aeronautic and photographic, which went to the making of a picture called *Central Airport* make it enthralling, in spite of a poor plot, exaggeratedly melodramatic situations, and some tiresome repetition in its presentation. Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers are the stars, and it is interesting to see what they, respectively, make of decidedly uninspiring material.

Barthelmess is one of the most honest of all the film-actors. He is an old-timer, a "slogger" in a way. The fact that he is "finished" has been advertised several times. But still he goes on; he has been in bad pictures, but he has never acted badly. He has never courted or obtained spectacular or scandalous publicity. He is not outstandingly handsome. But there is something staunch and rather fine about him, which transpires in every part he plays, and which the public first, and the producers and critics afterwards, recognise.

In *Central Airport* Barthelmess has an heroic rôle, but he does not play it heroically. It would have been easy to make play while the lights shone, but Barthelmess does nothing of the sort. In this film he is a brilliant flier, brave, tragic, and he gives the part a touch of reality quite outside the melodrama of the film by taking it almost prosaically. That, I believe, is the secret of his long-standing success and the fealty of his public. However amazing his adventures, he is still, to all intents, "the man in the street"—or the stalls, or the upper circle.

Sally Eilers was extraordinarily good in *Bad Girl*, though I still think that it was James Dunn's performance that made that picture. Since she achieved stardom she has deteriorated as an actress. A streak of hardness in her composition is accentuated by her having bleached her hair and become thinner. (Why do women want to reduce the formula of femininity to a chemical combination?) As Jill, a parachute-jumper in an air-circus, who, because of a temporary misunderstanding, discards the man she really loves and marries his brother, she has a rather tiresome part; but she does nothing to make it credible or sympathetic. She plays, perhaps, with her mind, never for a moment with her heart.

Jim and Jill are touring the country in their show, he as stunt pilot, she as parachute-jumper. The shots showing their return at night to the hotels, and each asking for the key of adjoining rooms, have an implicit significance, which is "good cinema," but the point is over-emphasised by repetition, and many of the flying sequences are spoiled in the same way.

When Jim reads in the paper about the death of a flying friend, who had a wife and three children, he says that no man who flies for a living has a right to take on the responsibility of marriage, Jill takes this badly, and when they go to their separate rooms, she does not even say goodnight. This is the best part of Sally Eilers's performance. Through the closed door, Jim tries to put things right:

"You will feel different in the morning."

"Wait till the morning and find out."

Jim's young brother arrives next day, and precipitately falls in love with Jill. Jim is incapacitated by an accident caused by his heroic intervention when a 'plane runs amok on the fair-ground, and his brother takes his place as Jill's pilot. When he rejoins them, armed with a wedding-ring for Jill, they are already married. Then he goes up into the air in every sense, and the film goes to pieces. Blinded in one eye, and maimed by a series of accidents due to his bravado in all parts of the world, he turns up to make a spectacular and quite incredible rescue, in an ordinary 'plane, of his brother and passengers, down in a storm in the Gulf of Mexico; and finally lands, in fog, without petrol, guided by the lights and klaxons of all the cars in the city. Then he goes off again into the blue, leaving Jill with her dull, adoring husband, and one feels that it serves her right, which means that out of impossible material Richard Barthelmess has once more created a sympathetic character while Sally Eilers failed to do so.

I remember the time when, even in August, it was impossible to get a seat for a Chevalier première. He has, to a great extent, lost his glamour. Hollywood has coarsened him, physically and artistically. The critics dare to criticise nowadays. But in *A Bedtime Story*, in spite of sartorial vulgarity, I think he gives a definitely more sympathetic and attractive performance than in his last two or three pictures. And the Baby Leroy is the most amazing film-actor in the world. A performing monkey could not have accomplished more. The chief credit must go to Norman Taurog, who directed the film. How he has contrived to capture and make appropriate to the sequences every expression, gurgle, and gesture of that twelve-months-old infant is a mystery, and a masterpiece! "Sonny Boy" was a wretched puppet; "Monsieur Baby" is, apparently, an intelligent actor. The story is rather silly, but quite funny; Chevalier does his stuff, the songs are not bad, but that baby, under Taurog's direction, and by means of brilliant cutting, makes the picture unique entertainment. And I have an idea, from "interior evidence," that the child really was fascinated, almost hypnotised, by Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees has the chief feminine rôle. Either you like her or you do not. Personally, I find her sickly, rather than sweet.

SEE . . .

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST GREYHOUND CLASSIC!

JUNE 24TH

AT

WHITE CITY

STADIUM

MR. COCHRAN'S

All brought together on one stage, for this occasion only, by our artist. On the left is Yvonne Printemps, who has often appeared crowd the Palace Theatre. Mary Ellis follows. Her success in "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's, is fresh in the next, as the mother in "Mother of Pearl," at the Gaiety; and, finally, there is Gertrude Lawrence, now playing in

LEADING LADIES

BY ROUSON

under this managerial banner. Next to her is Irene Vanbrugh, whose alert performance in "Dinner at Eight" helps still to memory. Behind the piano is Mary Clare, whose acting in "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane, will not be forgotten. Delysia comes "This Inconstancy," at Wyndham's, but who, previously, was assuredly one of Mr. Cochran's leading ladies

"Strange Interlude at Aldershot"—

BY P. BELLEW

—or, the Reveller at the Tattoo

Idols in Wood: No. 7. The Aldwych and the Globe

Yet more examples of the wood work of Mr. S. D. Banks, representing Ralph Lynn and the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, reproduced from models and coloured by hand. The busts are about twenty inches high and the originals are for sale. Further examples of this novel form of caricature will be published in subsequent issues.

Kestos have created those lovely next-to-nothings which are yet so all-important! The newest gowns are really quite disconcerting in their ingenuous revelation of the figure, but one can greet them bravely and wear them with confidence if one is prepared—by Kestos.

Designed with a sympathetic understanding of feminine needs, the Kestos Brassière emphasises natural charms. It moulds firmly yet gently, imparting youthful beauty of contour. Kestos Girdles too, fashioned with the same skill, bestow grace and symmetry on every figure.

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Causton

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Style D.70 at 14/9. Perfect fitting Canvas Beach Sandal with Crêpe Rubber Sole. Stocked in Yellow/Red, Brown/Beige, Blue/White, Red/Brown.

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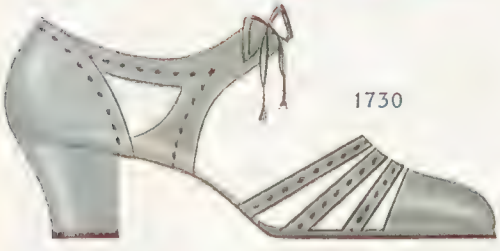

Style 1730 at 8/11. "Miami" Fashionable Instep Tie Sandal in soft pastel shades of Jaskid, Champagne, Dark Tan, Blue, Patent, Green.

Style 1731 at 5/11. "Miami" Sandalette in best Quality Canvas with Crêpe Sole. Stocked in Blue, Green, White, Red, Beige, and Orange with contrast binding. Same style without back @ 4/11½.

Style 8612 at 16/9. Perfect fitting Toeless Sandal. Centre Buckle. Stocked in White with Black, Tan, Blue, Green or Red binding; also in Red, Tan, and Blue with White binding, or Beige with Tan binding.

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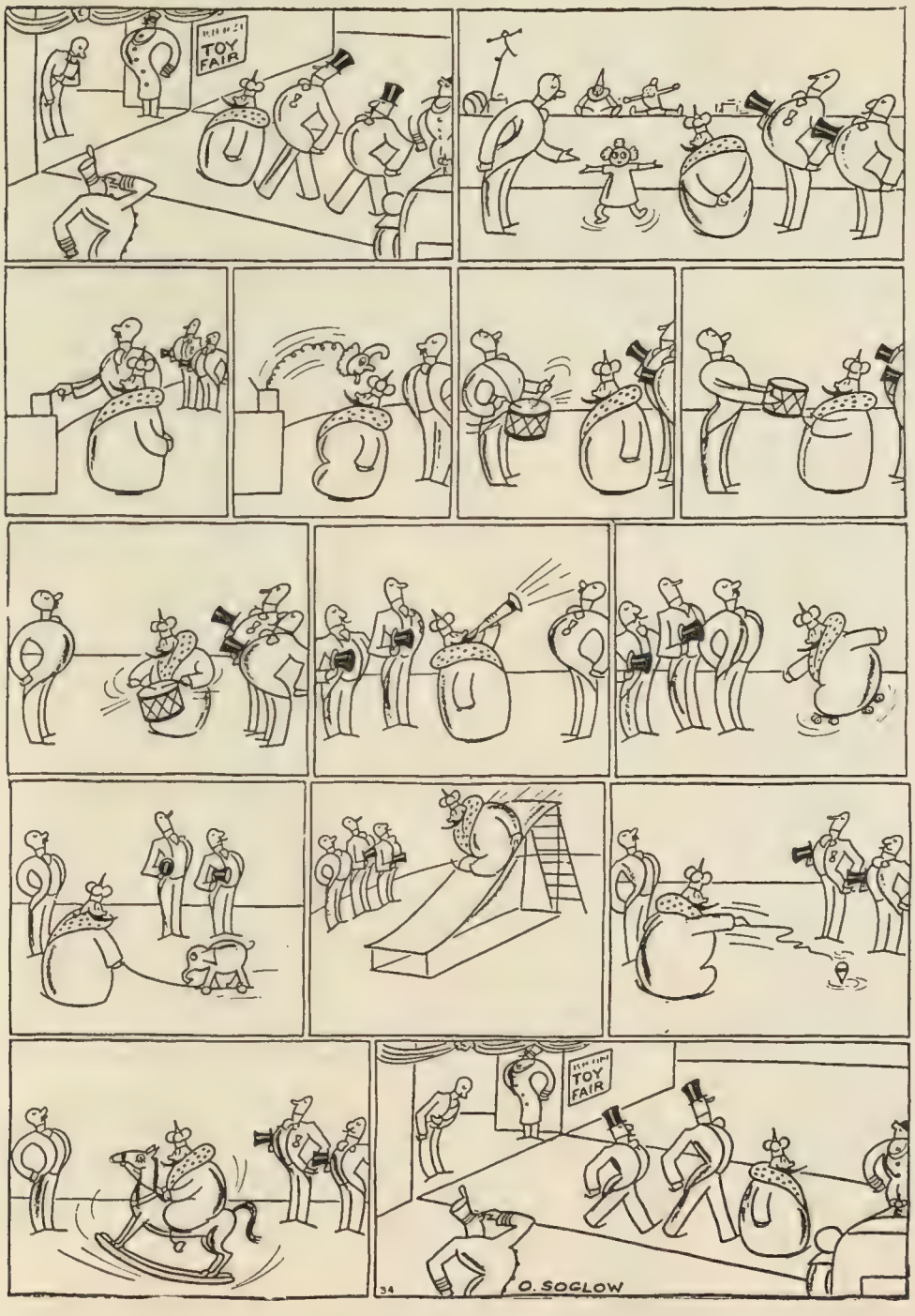
Standing By . . .

Being the Second of a Sequence of Weekly Outbursts on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

WE write these words in the train between Edinburgh and London, in the course of one of those dripping silences that follow the stopping of an express at night. It has been our privilege to attend a wedding in the city of dreaming spires and languid squares; bride was an old friend of ours. The night before the wedding, we joined a "stag party" held in honour of the groom. Our host provided red carnations for the married guests, white for the unmarried (including, of course, the happy subject of the occasion). "Gentlemen," he said, towards midnight, "I will now ask our friend to dip his white carnation in claret, as a symbol of to-morrow's sacrifice!", adding "This is an old Scottish custom—invented by myself!" Custom was duly observed. Next day, during the ceremony, we observed a tenuous column of smoke arising from the pew ahead of us. Peering over the ledge, we discovered a young man on his knees destroying a photograph with a lighted match. Photograph, he admitted, was of the bride; he thought it better to burn it; that was all over, anyway. We return to town with the impression that matrimony in Scotland is still a fairly primitive business, crammed with symbolism; quite primitive enough to launch Sir James Fraser away on a new volume of *The Golden Bough*.



Here He Is Again!

Lady Noel Curtis-Bennett

Wife of Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, from a portrait in oils by Charles Buchell. Sir Noel, whose interest in sport is well known, has been elected President of the Public Schools Boxing Association, in place of the late Lord Knebworth, and is co-Trustee with Sir Harry Preston in the "Goodwill" Trophy presented by a generous American, Mr. Roscoe Williams, and accepted by the Schools Athletic Association, to be competed for between Young England and Young America

HOLLYWOOD is worried about Maurice Chevalier; holds his English is getting so good that folks may forget he is one of those wicked Frenchmen. His employers are said to have arranged for Maurice to take French lessons from an American woman. This recalls the case of a little English girl of our acquaintance who invented a grand Hungarian name for herself before invading California. When she netted a contract, the company in question spent six months and so many dollars having her taught English. Girl just had to put up with this; didn't dare admit she was a Cockney.

WHERE is J. Joseph Renaud? In other and easier times this blond French novelist was a regular visitor to London; the fact that he has not appeared for six months leads us to believe that troubled times have coaxed him back to the French Intelligence Service. Renaud, former world champion of fencing, was one of

France's smartest war-time agents. It was he who swam nightly across Lake Constance to report Zeppelin departures from Friedrichsafen. Once, too, he burgled von Bülow's room in a Swiss hotel. Bülow almost spoiled the adventure by waking up; only to attend to his toilet, though.

AMERICANS are becoming cricket-conscious. By this we mean cricket in the best sense of the word—the insect, not the rough game. Many people over there are investing, it seems, in cricket-houses—little glass huts containing Mr. and Mrs. Cricket, who can be watched at their fun, much as we used to watch ants in their ant-houses before the German War of 1914. An entire outfit—house, couple of crickets, food, and all—markets at two dollars. Lady crickets work out at ten cents a lady, while gentlemen cost only half that. This new Americanism is probably a consequence of the depression; the depressed find an escape from the carking thoughts of everyday life in contemplating the tiny loves, hates, and embarrassments of the cricket community. The new bar attached to an old hotel near Oxford Circus has a cricket behind the counter. We caught the trill of it one evening last week; asked the barman what the deuce. Barman replied that, though London bakehouses usually shelter a tutelary cricket or two, this was frankly the first cricket he ever met in a bar. It didn't worry the drinkers, he thought.

A DEAR friend of ours, aged seventy-one, still lives with his father; has done so since 1863. Urbane, witty, slightly raffish in his dress (tendency to brown bowlers and bird's-eye ties threaded through rings), this man is a mine of memories. Aged hansom cabbies still rank him as "Major," remember driving him home on mad evenings of the pre-Gaiety era. Our friend's sole grievance is that his father has allowed him precisely five pounds a week since 1884. Pound, he says, has consistently dwindled in value; never given him a dog's chance to improve his position.

By Frank Ford

Bed-Time Story

"And now, my dear friends, Mr. Tibbits is going to give us his impression of Maurice Chevalier"

Chorus—Lead

Jean Gillie, aged sixteen, who plays a leading part in "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's Theatre, and but just lately only one of the Chorus. Her "Bubbles" dance is one of the hits of this show, which has caught the public taste

POPULAR PLAYGROUNDS

No. 1.—Frinton

NO Pierrot shows or nigger bands
Degrade fair Frinton's golden sands,
No ice-cream sellers cry their wares
Upon its tree-lined thoroughfares;
And pea-nut vendors are not seen
Upon its chaste and verdant green,
For local folk all frown upon
Those things which are not quite bon ton.
For Frinton, you must bear in mind,
Is nothing if it's not refined.

No motor-coaches may set down
Within this most exclusive town
Their loads of vulgar trippers, who
Would rollick by the billows blue,
For Frinton frowns severely at
The plaguey proletariat,
Discouraging that jocund joy
So oft evinced by hoi polloi;
So public bars with bitter beer
Are NOT in evidence down here!

The visitors are most polite,
They dress for dinner every night,
Whilst, in the day, if men go by
Who do not wear their Old School tie
It is in vain for them to seek
Admission to the Frinton clique,
Because the visitors all hate
To drop a brick—or aspirate.

:: :: :: ::

Well, if you like gentility,
Go there—but please do NOT take me!

B. W.

When the

At the Lyric Theatre in "When Ladies Ann Todd as Mary Howard. The but she didn't know then that Mary publisher, away from his lawful spouse,

DONALD CALTHROP and Michael Hogan, actors, wrote a film story based on the Moscow trial. Censor turned it down—on the ground that peace and justice might be prejudiced. That Censor is pretty pleased with himself just now; says his ruling against sordid and sexy films has had a marked effect on the output of native producers. This is just another instance of the interference that distinguishes current civilisation; what with D.O.R.A. stopping drinking and the purchase of cheese and toothbrushes (both the raw material of sin) after certain hours, and the B.B.C. inoculating happy homes with improving statistics, life is becoming intolerable. A notable example of the policy of Public Interference is the Law of Libel and Slander. Institution of this law coincided roughly with the decline of the duel; public procedure was substituted for individual action. This date, to our mind, marked the final humiliation of man. Nowadays, a gentleman who fails to defend his honour in the courts finds among the costs a charge of several hundreds of pounds for typewriting. In better times, the chap who lost his wife or his honour merely pinked the thief with a rapier at grey dawn—or was pinked. Small wonder that we are rapidly becoming a race of pallid, bowler-hatted morons!

"Start of the Race"

Edward Seago

Photographed at work in his Norfolk garden with his dog, who has, on occasions, acted as a model. Two of his paintings are seen on the right. That at the top of the page is entitled "Start of the Race," and the one below "On the Sea Shore." Mr. Seago has lately written a book, "Circus Company," which was reviewed in our pages last week. The artist's pictures are on exhibition at the Sporting Gallery

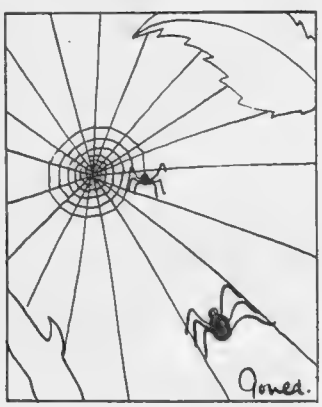
"On the Sea Shore

Sasha

Ladies Do Meet

Meet": Mary Newcomb as Claire Woodruff and former is saying, "I know your books, of course," Howard hoped to entice Mr. Woodruff, who is Mary's or that Mr. Woodruff didn't require much enticing

THE fact that there is trouble in Danzig does not surprise us in the least; our only visit to the Free City was racked with uneasiness. After showing us the Grüne Thor and the mill-wheel once turned by prisoners of war, Polish friends took us to visit the Marienkirche. This lovely church, all dull red brick, was closed; official hours of opening were so-and-so. Poles attempted to persuade the German caretaker to stretch a point. This almost led to violence. On our intervention, the Kirchencustos consented to unlock—but "only for the Englishman." Later in the day, in a dancing place, a sailor threw a bottle at us. Sailor thought we were ogling his doxy. Maybe we were. Incident was notable, scientifically, as proving that sailors, in certain cases, do care.



Our Nature Study Department

"—Over, under, over, under. That's fine, Winnie. Now drop two!"

WITH the Nazis (our charlady pronounces them, without rancour, as the "Nasties") flaunting the Hakenkreuz, or Swastika, across the face of things, this symbol assumes a new importance. Origins of the swastika are obscure. Some sages maintain it represents the sun, being associated originally with Aryan sun-cults (Apollo, Odin, and that lot). The device is also found upon the tombs of ancient Thibet, Mexico, and Peru. The belief has grown up that a swastika with its toes turned up, counter-sunwise, is a symbol of evil, similar to the reversed Lord's Prayer of the alchemists. Dotards among our readers may recall a fleeting frenzy of swastika-worship round about 1912; little men, all moustache and never a collar, used to sell them along the kerb.

A British Air-Speed Trophy Wanted: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Racing Improves the Engine

SINCE the Aerial Derby was abandoned after the race held in 1923, when the late Captain "Larry" Carter covered 200 miles on the Gloster Napier at 192 miles an hour, there has been no land aeroplane contest in England—which encourages the construction of really fast machines. It seems a great pity that the National Air Races, which were to be held at Portsmouth Airport later in the summer, have had to be cancelled. Experience in France, as a result of the race for the Deutsch de la Meurthe Trophy, flown at the end of last month, has been that quite small engines can be safely boosted much above standard practice. The winner, M. Détré, flying a Potez machine, averaged 201 miles an hour for 625 miles on the first lap, and his average for two rounds of the course was 198·8. During trial flights the machine attained a speed of 261 miles an hour, quite a remarkable performance, considering that its nine-cylinder radial engine has a capacity of no more than 8 litres. With the exception of the Comper Swift, the only British entry, all the competitors had French 'planes specially designed for racing. High speed was attained by the sacrifice of safety in landing, the winning Potez having a wing loading of more than 25 lb. per square foot, which meant that it needed an experienced pilot to handle it properly. Unless we follow the lead of the French Government, which put up colossal money prizes for their own nationals taking part in this event, there will be no encouragement for British manufacturers to build similar high-speed light 'planes.

At Sywell Aerodrome, Northampton, on the occasion of Lord Willoughby de Broke's Flying Party. From left to right: Mr. C. M. Newton, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Miss M. von Treskow, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., well known as a private owner, and Princess Mathilde Windisch-Graetz.

At the Norfolk and Norwich

ON Wednesday next, June 21st, the Prince of Wales will perform the ceremony at Mousehold Aerodrome which elevates it to the dignity of Municipal Airport for Norwich. Mousehold was one of the early war-time aerodromes used for training, and by Boulton and Paul, well known as constructors of fast, twin-engined day bombers for the R.A.F., and more recently of the 200-mile-an-hour Mailplane which will fly at the Display at Hendon for the first time in public. The Norfolk and Norwich Club is one of the oldest in the country. Mr. H. N. Holmes, J.P., is President, Captain A. A. Rice, M.C., the Chairman, and Mr. John Collier the Instructor. The Club owns three Moths, and in addition to providing instruction and recreation for the members, it will manage the Airport for the Corporation, Boulton and Paul retaining their flying rights for tests. Other social events of the week include the Mayor's Aerial Garden Party at Eastbourne on Friday next, which starts at 2.30 p.m. and concludes with a dance at the Winter Garden in the evening. On Saturday one of the ever-popular Bristol Meetings will take place at their Airport. The race for the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Challenge Cup is being flown from Shoreham, finishing at Bristol on the same day.

Famous cricketer's wedding: Miss Marjorie White, the charming county golfer, was married to Mr. Harold Gilligan, of cricket fame, at Holy Trinity Church, Putney. The pair left later by "Golden Ray" air-liner to Biarritz for their honeymoon

Flying for a Bathe

THE most satisfactory combination of flying with bathing is achieved by purchasing a flying-boat, which can be moored in a sheltered spot and used as one would an ordinary boat whilst the bathing is taking place. Many people who cannot afford a flying-boat will find that the seaside aerodromes are a boon during the summer, the only trouble being that there aren't enough of them. Both Shoreham and Cowes, to mention two that are convenient, can be reached easily by Moth before dinner, with the return flight after dark to Heston, where a floodlight is available. Still nearer home are the bathing-pools at Hanworth and Hatfield for those who own neither flying-boats nor Moths. After a hard day's work, it is pleasant relaxation to fly and bathe and dine at Hanworth, where the gardens are looking particularly lovely just now. The Hatfield pool is a real swimming-bath, to be opened for the use of pupils and friends in a few weeks' time. Reverting again to the more expensive methods of enjoying a bathe, Imperial Airways run services to Le Touquet during the summer months, and, every Sunday, there is an "excursion" for 75 shillings return, including a four-course dinner on the 'plane between Le Touquet and Croydon. There are other amusements at Le Touquet besides bathing, but I advance the latter as an original excuse for spending Sunday on the Continent.

Air-Route Changes

THE Indian Mail, which leaves Croydon on July 1st will be carried to Calcutta, and, after that date, Imperial Airways liners will fly the additional stage of 1500 miles weekly, bringing Calcutta within seven days of London. On October 1st, a further extension will be made to Rangoon, and the Christmas mail should inaugurate the through service to Singapore, which completes our part of the line to Australia. Machines operating the route east of Basra will be of the Armstrong-Whitworth "Atalanta" class. Major H. G. Brackley, D.S.O., who is Air Superintendent of the Company, is flying right through to Australia to complete the plans for ground services. The announcement that the French commercial air lines will be merged into one concern on September 1st is of considerable interest to us, because it will undoubtedly mean keener competition over the international routes from Paris to London and the Far East. The name suggested for the merger is "Air France," which seems an excellent title, leaving no room for doubt as to the nationality of the lines.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

by Madge Garland

Top right : a coat of blue washing crêpe with large stitched sleeves and a skirt to match comes from Debenham and Freebody

Top centre : the blouse which accompanies the blue crêpe suit is made of blue check washing silk. From Debenham and Freebody

Top left : Jaeger's make this attractive dress in blue washing silk with a tight buttoned bodice and a white turn-over collar

Left : Paul Poiret designed this dance frock of pale blue chiffon for Liberty. It has a fichu and a befrilled skirt

Lower left : a white velvet evening coat tied at the neck and the left hip, has ermine sleeves set low on the shoulders. Liberty

Right centre : a bridesmaid's dress from Liberty is carried out in pink chiffon and has flared shoulder capes and a posy of flowers

Extreme right : a ball gown for the very young girl is carried out in rose-coloured tulle, with massed petal sleeves. Debenham and Freebody

F. J. Gutmann

Navy blue linen and white organdie

AMONG a number of summer evening gowns designed in cotton materials by H. J. Nicoll, this one, carried out in the navy blue material used for nurses' dresses, was particularly smart. It is entirely backless, but a pleated organdie frill frames the face, runs under the arms, and softens the waistline at the back. Another attractive model was in blue-and-white plaid gingham, also backless, but held up by two ends tied in a bow at the back of the neck. Posed by Miss Jean Ross. Décor by Acton Surgey, Ltd.

Cannons of Hollywood

1.

2.

Yevonde

up - to - date angles

3.

Cannons of Hollywood

4.

Cannons of Hollywood

1. A GREY felt hat from Scotts has a brim turned up on one side and a fold in the crown

2. LADY DAPHNE FINCH-HATTON wears a small white velvet toque and a nose-length veil

3. VERY shallow hats reveal the whole of the back of the head, which should be curled

4. MISS BINNIE BARNES has chosen from Santa a wide-brimmed hat with a crown of soft satin

Mrs. Vernon Tate and her daughter, the Hon. Diana Russell, made nothing of ninety degrees in the shade, and played good golf in the sun

Grace before Meat; or Iced Drinks before Lunch

Above: Mr. Scott Callingham, Mrs. Beryl Mills, Mrs. Scott Callingham, Miss Celia Palmer, and Mrs. Colclough getting cool after the morning's golf, and sea- and sun-bathing

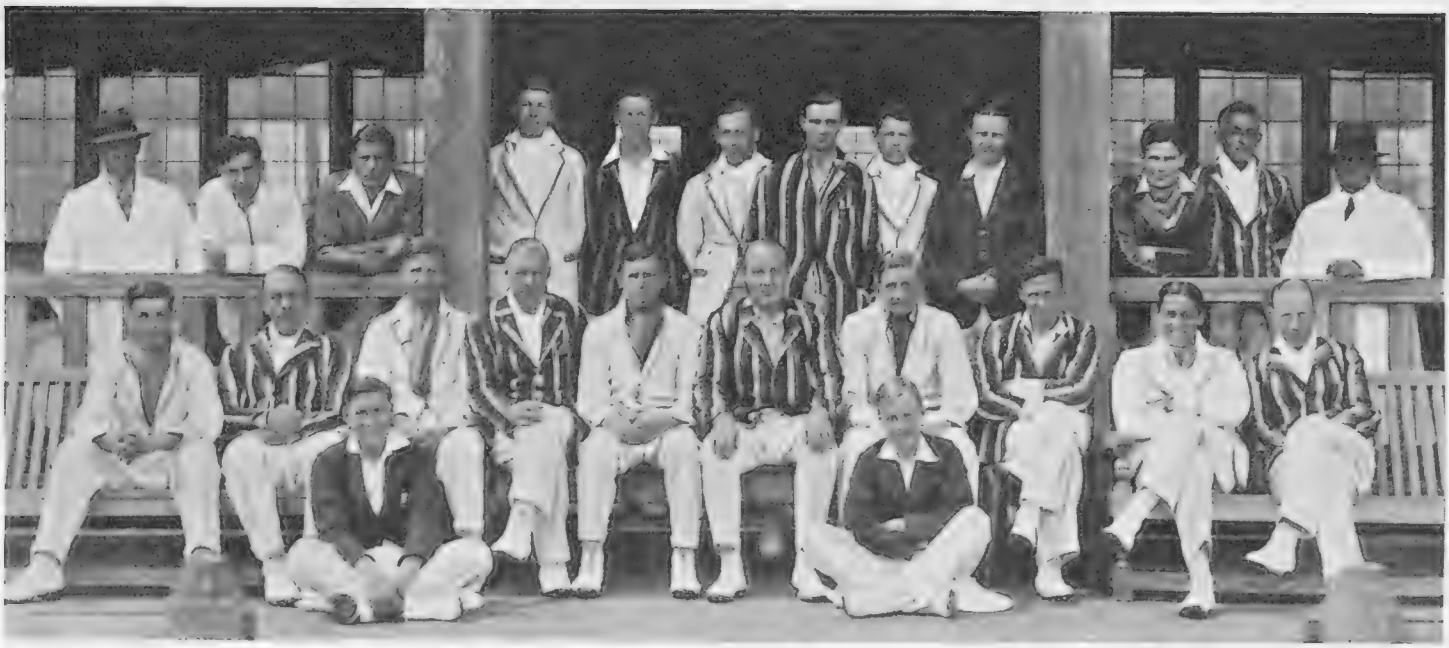
Lady Jean Mackintosh, the Duke of Hamilton's elder daughter, Miss Helen Dreg, and the Hon. Elizabeth Arundell getting ready to take their bathing seriously after the sun-bathing preliminaries

Miss Elizabeth Corcoran, Mrs. Sykes, Baron Teixera de Mattos, Major Sykes, and Mr. Arthur Walters watching other people swimming in the open-air baths

Left: another sun-bathing trio beside the open-air bath at Le Touquet were Lady Eileen Clarke, and her husband, Major Carlos Clarke, and Mrs. Charles Gerrard

Across the Channel

Whitsun at Le Touquet



Free Foresters v. Uppingham School

The teams photographed together in front of the Pavilion built ten years ago. The school this year has a very fine side, and declared their innings closed at 289 for nine wickets. The Free Foresters were only saved from defeat by time, as their total was 131 for seven. Included in the Free Foresters side are D. R. Wilcox, this year's Cambridge Captain, P. Kemp-Welch, the Rev. R. L. G. Wright, Private Chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir, and E. H. Tattersall, who captained the Free Foresters

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Play, Players—and Books

LORD'S shimmering in the glorious Whitsun heat, Tate bowling his heart out on a wicket becoming progressively easier—could Tate, with his farmer's face, ever have played for any county other than Sussex?—and Hearne and Hendren, implacably piling up the runs—there is nothing new about the picture, but it stands for a kind of cricket which can never lose its place in our affections.

Say what you will of Hearne, he is a great player in his fashion, and as I sat lazily watching him in the sunshine, as I had watched him so many times before, he seemed to reach with every stroke beyond the confines of that holiday afternoon. Hendren, at the other end, was perky, defiant, a jaunty cricketer, with his roots firmly in the earth; but Hearne was an abstraction, a symbol of resistance to change.

Hendren, we felt, might make some sudden gesture of aggression, and lose his wicket, an event which would subject him to human emotions, to annoyance or disappointment. Hearne we knew to be immutable; the subtle operations of destiny might bring about his downfall, but Hearne is not the man to quarrel with his fate. To every ball bowled to him he will make the appropriate stroke, and if human fallibility overtakes him there is no more to be said.

And so I tilted my hat farther over my nose, and dosed agreeably, until the books which I was carrying slid off my knee with a jarring clatter. Books—there is a business for you! Cricketers less punctilious than Hearne are forced to become authors in these strenuous days in order to protect themselves against the critics. And if it rains for the rest of the summer, which Heaven forbid! we shall have plenty to read, for Larwood, Hobbs, Jardine, Trumble, Noble, and others, less eminent but no less outspoken, are raking over the ashes of the Australian conflagration.

I CAN well understand that Larwood was goaded into writing *Body-Line?*, for no cricketer has been more cruelly assailed by ignorant crowds and irresponsible journalists. I don't care for his book very much: it is interesting in a way, since it contains a strong and reasonable defence of fast leg-theory bowling. Unfortunately, Larwood descends to personalities, and recalls some unworthy remarks made by Woodfull and Bradman in the heat of the moment. This kind of reminiscence is both unnecessary and harmful, though Larwood has every justification for hitting out at the barrackers who make cricket in Australia so unpleasant.

HOBBS, in his book on the tour, has also some hard things to say about barrackers, and there can be no doubt that leg-theory bowling is relatively unimportant, and that the real point at issue is whether M.C.C. can ever send out a touring team again unless the Australian authorities exercise some sort of control over their crowds. Australians are apt to make excuses for barrackers on the score that they have a right to enjoy themselves in their own way, and that their noise is fundamentally good-natured. That may be, and we can all tolerate the genuine humorist who bellows amusing gibes now and again, but when barracking is inspired by uncontrolled partisanship and venomous hostility, the time has come to decide that Test Matches in Australia are not worth while.

WHAT an innings Hobbs played against the West Indians, and how torn his opponents must have been between admiration and despair as they saw his total rising relentlessly to 224, not out! His is the perfect blend of the old and new technique in batsmanship: forward or back, aggressive or defensive, he has all the strokes, and his genius lies in his adaptability. I imagine that it would be possible for Hobbs to give imitations of any famous batsmen; if it pleased him, he could base his scoring strokes on the Maclaren drive, the Ranji glide, or the Hearne deflection at will. But Hobbs is no imitator; during a long innings we may be sure that he will show us every shade of the batsman's art.

THE disturbing thing is that, so far, we have not discovered Hobbs's successor or Sutcliffe's partner. R. E. S. Wyatt has a claim, perhaps, but D. R. Jardine is wanted lower down in the order, and players like Keeton and C. F. Walters have still to prove themselves. I am still inclined to think that the Nawab of Pataudi, most imperturbable and confident of batsmen, might prove the most successful of them all.

The Nawab of Pataudi began his association with Worcestershire in grand style, and I think we shall hear a great deal of him this summer. He is a remarkably economical player, and somehow the ball seems to go to the boundary before the spectator realises that it has been hit at all. The Nawab persuades and charms it there with chop-strokes and deflections and a kind of half-arm punch through the covers, and his score mounts with deceptive speed.

Sutcliffe, incidentally, has not yet run into his real brick-wall form, though doubtless he will soon be in the news again. It is difficult to believe that anything could ever dislocate the machinery which has brought Sutcliffe so many thousands of runs, and yet, if we look into it, perhaps a temporary breakdown would not be so entirely surprising. Unlike Hobbs, whose stroke production is so severely logical that it permits the occasional adornments of artistry, Sutcliffe's style has no basis of perfect technique. It is a rough style; Sutcliffe hews his runs off the bowling with dour inelegance, and his sure eye and steady temperament carry him to success. His batsmanship is a triumph of character, but whereas we could imagine Hobbs falling back upon technique and producing the correct strokes to counter any attack in his sleep, Sutcliffe, without concentration and vigilance, would be lost.

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Miss C. M. Park (Royal Musselburgh) and Miss H. M. V. Weir (Gullane), whom she defeated in the final of the Midlothian Ladies' Golf Championship, which was held over the Prestonfield Golf Links, Edinburgh

THERE are those who have been more than a little horrified by the fact that B. W. Hone, the Oxford cricket Captain, has spent some of his time playing lawn tennis for the University.

"I can't understand it," said one outraged and eminent personage. "Going away and playing 'patters' like that!"—and certainly it was rather unorthodox to arrange that the Free Foresters should take first knock so that Hone could finish off his tennis, and then come back and bat for Oxford. I must say that, up to a point, I agree very heartily with these critics. To be Captain of Oxford cricket is a high honour, and it should permit of no deviations into other and less exacting forms of sport. Perhaps I am biased, for although I realise that tennis is a grand game, I cannot place it on the same level as cricket, and I am still old-fashioned enough to think that "patters" is rather an appropriate name for it.

Still, at Oxford they will tell you that Hone fully earned his relaxation. He has been a most energetic and popular cricket Captain, and he has coached his team with great enthusiasm. I hope that he will now concentrate on winning the 'Varsity match, and that his tennis-playing interlude will not set up a precedent.

B. W. Hone (Oxford) playing against M. Benavitch (Cambridge) in the Match, which Cambridge won. Hone should have been playing cricket for Oxford against the Free Foresters, but a substitute fielded for him while engaged unsuccessfully elsewhere

WHILE we are talking of tennis, F. J. Perry has been considerably in the news lately. First came the report that he had received a tempting offer to turn professional, an offer which I gather he has turned down, though it would hardly be surprising if in due course he decided to turn his skill to account. Jobs in these days are scarce enough, in all conscience, and money does talk mighty persuasively. Then followed Perry's totally unexpected defeat by Jiro Satoh, that extremely astute and adaptable little Japanese, in the concluding rounds of the French championships.

It seems to be obvious that Perry is stale: he has played tennis incessantly winter and summer, for three years now and the best thing he can do is to lay off the game entirely until Wimbledon comes along. I find it very difficult to understand how these tennis experts can devote themselves so unremittingly to the game without coming to loathe the sight of a racket. A month's concentrated play would be enough for me; but year after year of it and I should be in a padded cell.

Whitsun Holiday Golf at Frinton-on-Sea

Capt. W. P. Procter and H. Gummer adding up their scores after a round

Kenneth Thomas and G. W. Potts seen enjoying the sunshine at the eighteenth tee

Russell Fawcus with Charles Rowe kindly stand for the camera-man on the fairway

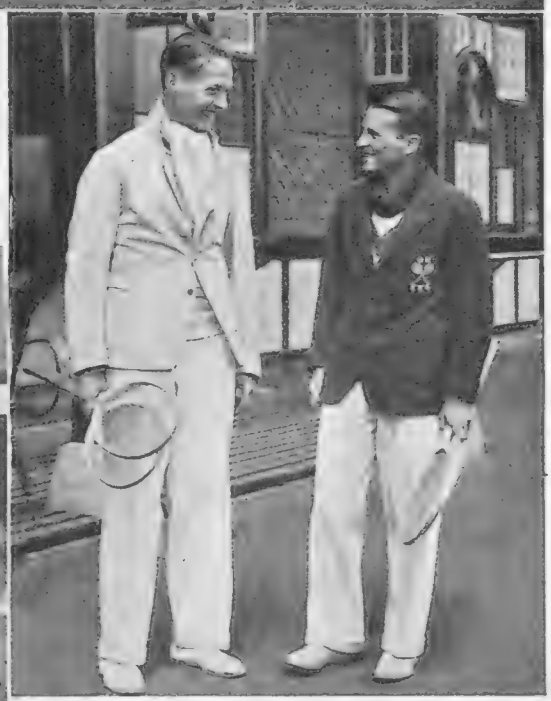
WE are working up to a series of great events—cricket, golf, tennis, rowing—before long our interest will be divided between Test Matches and the Ryder Cup, and speculations about the possibility that Crawford, of Australia, may beat Ellsworth Vines, of America, in the final at Wimbledon.

In the meanwhile, may I note an event which takes place this week—on June 16th to be precise—an event, moreover, which is likely to be entirely unrecorded—the opening of the coarse-fishing season? This will bring quiet delight to hundreds of thousands of honest anglers throughout the country, and it is astonishing how the love for this peaceful recreation is growing among men who at one time would have scorned it. Perhaps it is an antidote to our crazy modern world; certainly a more genuinely re-creative sport does not exist.

AND now to more aristocratic occupation, for this is Ascot Week, and my normally secluded country cottage will be shaken by a stream of race-going traffic. Not that I mind that if the luck holds, though I don't propose to embark upon the tipster business. But I imagine that Hyperion will carry off the St. James's Palace Stakes. And while we are thinking in safety first terms, I suppose the odds are that Brown Jack will win the Alexandra Stakes for the fifth year in succession. I hope so, at any rate—for it would be a gallant performance and, judging by Brown Jack's form at Epsom, it should in no way be beyond him.

SWITCHING over to a different kind of racing, I note that the foreign challenge at Henley becomes more formidable than ever. The Germans particularly are tilting at us, and it will be interesting to see how the Berliner Ruder Club fare in the Grand. Two years ago, you will remember, they went very near to victory, and this summer we shall have to take them very seriously. I'm sorry that H. Buhtz, who won the Diamonds last July, is unable to compete, for he was an exceptionally fine sculler; still, it is high time that an Englishman carried off this event, which has gone to overseas competitors for the last six years. The entry is again cosmopolitan.

The Royal Scots Greys team, M. H. E. Lopes, R. L. Findlay, H. P. Guinness, and R. H. A. G. Calthorpe, which beat Osmaston in the final of the Sanford Challenge Cup, at Hurlingham, by ten goals to three



J. W. Nuthall (Repton and Christ's), the Cambridge Captain, and G. C. Frank (Duke University, U.S.A. and St. John's), the Oxford Captain, in the University Lawn Tennis Match, played at Iffley Road, Oxford, and won by the visitors, 12—9

C. W. Tagg, Hon. Sec., Essex Professional G.U., seen with Miss Diana Plumpton

Lord Burghley winning the three-quarter mile medley for Achilles at the White City

As a matter of fact, I am iconoclast enough to say that the weather is more important than the racing at Henley, and what in the world is more delightful than a punt on the river, with the Royal Regatta as our excuse for laziness, and a blazing sun to justify the iced contents of discreet baskets?

WELL, as I write the sun is making no mistake, and the weather is gloriously hot and settled. So hot, indeed, that the news that Jack Petersen will definitely fight Jack Doyle on July 12th at the White City almost gives me sunstroke. These youngsters, it is said, are to receive £5000 apiece, which strikes me as prodigious payment, and a proof that our sense of values has become grotesquely distorted. I shall be there, I have no doubt, but then my seat will cost me nothing, though I should hesitate very much before I put down the hard cash which will be demanded for the privilege of seeing these two lads hammering at one another for a few minutes. The whole affair will be over in a round or two, and in my opinion Petersen will retain the British Heavy-weight Championship without any difficulty, unless he runs into a lucky punch.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Oil, Milk and Water and Gunpowder

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is high time that Mr. Alec Waugh sat down for a considerable period at his desk, and wrote a 650-page novel. Quite a lot of people have fought their way through this desperate task, but very, very few have had the essential equipment for it. Mr. Priestley had it, for one book. Mr. Edward Shanks has it, for as many books as he cares to write. Mr. Cronin, in a lesser degree, has it. But the rest would be vastly better employed in knitting brassières for rather small dachshunds. Now Mr. Waugh comes along with 314 pages of his new novel, *Wheels Within Wheels* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and in that length he has compressed so much fascination and interest and character that the reader has every reason to complain that he has been defrauded of a cool 336 pages which would have made up the 650. The story is this: Little "Humper" Heppell was employed by a London financier to drill for oil in the French West Indian island of Santa Marta. If he found oil, good; if he did not find oil, bad, for he would then have to go back to Trinidad, where a woman who terrified him was waiting to snap him up and put him in her pocket. A good-natured analytical chemist, also employed by the financier, cabled to London that it was worth while going on with the drilling, not because it was worth while, but in order to give poor little "Humper" another six months' respite from the siren of Trinidad. "After all," thought the chemist, "Santa Marta and its tiny oil-well can't affect anyone; it 's a drop in a vast sea of oil."

But he was wrong. His cable to London was the pebble in the pond, and the rest of the book describes the ripples which touched so many homes and affected so many lives in London, in New York, and in New Orleans. The financier in London tied up some of his capital in the oil-well, and took his ward's trust-money to cover himself. The German-American in New York took up the other half of the syndicate, and plunged more than he could afford. The painter who owned Santa Marta took his advance royalties and bought stocks on margin.

And then the great Wall Street slump hit the world, and everything went crashing about everyone's ears. The German-American, with almost all the other Americans, was ruined; assets were unrealisable; capital was tied up; all were selling and none buying; and the London financier shot himself, simply because a devastating woman was waiting in Trinidad to pocket little "Humper" Heppell. It is an absorbing book, but it is far too short. Once again Mr. Waugh shows his easy mastery over the warm, languorous scenes of the Southern States and the West Indies.

OF Lady Maud Warrender's *My First Sixty Years* (Cassell; 15*s.*), the less said the better. It is like reading an interminable skit on "Beachcomber's" famous column, written by "Beachcomber" himself. Small anecdotes about nonentities, pages of board-ship games that would shame the proverbial fifth-form boy with their inanity are mingled with platitudes in dreary English, and even songs specially composed by the author. The unscrupulous reviewer might be tempted to quote some of the verses in order to be certain of raising at least one 'earty laugh, but I am not unscrupulous, and so refrain. An eighteen-page chapter, called "Memories of Ellen Terry," contains five pages of letters from Ellen Terry, and thirteen pages of description of the divine lady's house and of things that happened after she went to join Helen of Troy and Duse and Jane Austen. It is this sort of book that queers the pitch for many of its betters. Lady Maud Warrender has done so many public services that she deserves well of the State, but sixty years of life are not a substitute for the art of writing.

Hughes

Marjorie Booth

Whose new novel, "Overture to Fortune," was published last week by John Murray

Neil Bell

A novel from whose pen, entitled "The Lord of Life," has lately been published by Collins. His previous novels were "The Marriage of Simon Harper" and "Precious Porcelain"

IN *The Gun* Mr. G. Forester has written a novel which contains no woman character, except a Spanish lady called Chuchita, who appears, for two delicious pages, quite naked in the arms of the Chief-of-Staff of Marshal Bessières, commanding the French Army of the North in the Peninsular War. The book is the story of a great bronze cannon, strong and accurate, which falls into the hands of the fanatical guerilleros who harried the Napoleonic armies with such hideous zest, and such appalling ferocity, in the years, 1809-13. The French had built small forts, well entrenched, at all the important strategic points on the main roads, and the Spanish partisans could do nothing against them without artillery. Suddenly the great bronze gun was discovered, hidden in a quarry. The British Navy supplied ammunition and powder, and the guerilleros started out against the French forts in the kingdom of Leon. Their first successes were startling, their jealousies of each other were savage, and their ultimate failure was inevitable against the disciplined veterans of the Grande Armée.

It was probably the most terrible form of warfare that the world had seen since the Thirty Years' War. It was a war of an unarmed People against a half-hearted Fighting Machine. The People used torture and assassination; the Machine used sacking and destruction. But the People won in the long run, as the People always does. In Mr. Forester's vivid picture of this desperate struggle, the Duke of Wellington and his army play only a small part. The heroes are the peasants who dragged the gun for so many weary miles, and dug its emplacements, and laid it and fired it, and died beside it so that Spain should be freed from the foreigner.

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE" (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the third part of Mr. J. D. Beresford's trilogy, and it is not a success. The new generation is a pathetic generation whose background, politics, economics, and religion, have been cut away from under them by a terrible war that their grandfathers made and their fathers fought. They are living in a shifting, unstable chaos for which they are not responsible. But that is no excuse for writing about them in a shifting, unstable, chaotic way. Mr. Beresford's book is all words, words, words. Nothing happens. There is neither form, nor drama, nor character, nor climax. The queer, freakish genius of a girl violinist, who ought to play such an important part, never comes to life at all. She is left to hover in a background of mist and, as she is supposed to be the brilliant, exotic dragon-fly of the party, the utter nebulousness of the rest can be inferred. And the new generation is not nebulous. You may call it any hard names you like. In print, you may call it any hard names that you can cajole the printer into setting up in type. But at least it is vivid. It has no idea what sort of life it ought to live, but it is desperately keen to lead some sort of life, and not to droop genteelly and languidly into cabbagery. Mr. Beresford has taken a vivid generation and pretended that it is dull and insipid. Foolish, perhaps; pathetic, certainly; insipid, NO.

Like Ducks to Water

Swimmers by Arc-Light and Sunlight

Right: a group in the I.S.C. swimming-bath at Grosvenor House: Major Dobbie, Com. the Hon. Christopher Roper Curzon, Mr. Kenneth Harington, Miss Jean Whitaker, Lady Romayne Cecil, and the Hon. Ralph Roper Curzon

Above: Mrs. Wade Gardner and Miss Eileen Clarke drinking their after-the-swim cocktails at the I.S.C. bath

Six p.m.—the Indoor Swimmer's Zero Hour

Another photograph at the International Sportsmen's Club bath, where no small fraction of Mayfair turns up to get cool and wet in the evening: Mr. Torbett and Miss T. Fletcher

Below: Miss Farquier, Mrs. Strober, and Mrs. Alison sitting in the sun by the open-air swimming-pool which makes Hurlingham even more popular

Left: Miss Lettice Townshend and Miss Barbara Hussey watching a diving expert take the water at Grosvenor House

Miss Amber Wilson, wearing the latest thing in crocheted and monogrammed bathing dresses, was one of the regulars at the Le Touquet bathing-pool, where everyone went to swim or watch, at Whitsun

W. P. Scott (Formby), a spectator, with Miss Nan Baird (St. Nicholas), and Mrs. Barbour (Birkdale) on Turnberry New Course, Ayrshire, "Bystander" competitors

"The Bystander's" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (10th Year) at Turnberry

The First Two Days: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I SHALL never cease to feel grateful to *Eve* for having thought of Scottish Foursomes, nor to the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association for having allowed the event to be attached to the Scottish Championship. But for those two inspirations I should now be mopping my brow in London—as I suppose you are doing—instead of gazing at a sea so blue that it would do no discredit to a railway poster, while the bits of white mist wreathed about the foot of Arran and of Ailsa Craig would defy the finest artist in the world. In short, here I am at Turnberry, with no wish to be anywhere else in the world. It is hot, gloriously so, but there is a lovely northerly breeze, only just enough to clear away the nice damp mist which came down for an hour on the first morning and lowered the temperature quite perceptibly. The wonderful thing is that the course is not at all burnt up; there is plenty of grass everywhere, not an undue amount of run, and, really, coming back to it, I do think that the New, or Arran, course, is a magnificent test of golf.

Miss R. Leetham, Lady Alness (Harrogate), the holders, and Miss J. McLachlan and Mrs. S. Mitchell (Ranfurly Castle) more competitors in "The Bystander's" Scottish Foursomes

THE events of the first day rather bore out this conviction of the justice of the course. I know that the holders, Lady Alness and Miss Leetham, failed to give five strokes, and that Miss Jean McCulloch and Mrs. F. G. Neilson, who have a great reputation in these Foursomes, lost, giving nine, but I fancy that one of each of those partnerships was rather out of practice, and, at all events, they were in the minority so far as givers losing were concerned.

It imparted a great air to the Foursomes this year that the thrice Open Champion, Miss Enid Wilson, should be playing, and all her flirtations with the game of tennis and her excursions on to the shore and adventures there with flat fishes and other wonders of the deep did not stop her playing some good golf. She gave all the praise to her partner, Mrs. Percy, but the net result was that they gave six strokes and won by 6 and 5. All the same, great credit attaches to Mrs. John Latta and even more to Miss M. Mitchell, who stepped into the breach at the last moment and filled it very nobly. Mrs. George Coats and Mrs. Rome gave ten strokes to Miss Docharty and Miss I. Paterson, and they, too, won on the thirteenth. Miss Jessie Anderson, who may be Girl Champion before the year is out, and Miss M. J. Couper, gave half a dozen, so did Miss C. M. Park and Miss M. G. Couper, the first Miss Couper coming from North Berwick and the second from Troon. Mrs. Barbour and Miss Nan Baird, who have each a BYSTANDER Foursome to their credit, though not in partnership, gave seven and won by 3 and 2, from Mrs. Wotherspoon and Mrs. J. K. Paterson. And, down at the

Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. H. S. Dunsmuir (Troon), Mrs. Newburn Brown (Birkdale), and Mrs. Walter Greenlees

Mrs. J. B. Walker, Mrs. Jack Burt (Troon), Mrs. Allan Maitland, and Miss N. Duckett (Balmore) take it easy

Miss J. D. Firth and Mrs. R. W. Williams

Miss Enid Wilson (Notts), Mrs. H. J. Percy (Alnmouth), with their opponents, Miss B. Newell and Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish). Miss Wilson and Mrs. Percy were the winners

end of the draw, two couples, either of whom may have won these foursomes by the time this is in print, gave eight and came through handsomely; they were Mrs. Dunsmuir and Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Ferelith Low and Mrs. John Heaton.

WEDNESDAY morning was hotter than ever, and by the afternoon there was hardly a breath to so much as flutter a flag. Nothing very dramatic happened, though it looked as though there might be a major excitement when Miss Wilson and Mrs. Percy, giving three strokes, were one down at the twelfth to Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp. The Midlanders, even so, had explored a good many gorse bushes, but it was a ditch at the sixteenth which finally destroyed them, though 2 and 1 did not sound by any means a bad beating. The next excitement was a lengthy one, for Miss Hendry and Miss Bell needed twenty holes to beat Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Millicent Couper. They collected tremendous kudos in the doing of it, for to win eventually, when you have had dormy two reft from you, is surely the height of determination.

After that, the Scottish Internationals began to fall with crashes. Miss Nan Baird was putting too indifferently for Mrs. Barbour's splendid golf to bring the side through, and Miss Fogo and Miss W. Morrison, getting out in 40, turned six up and won by 5 and 4. Then Mrs. Greenlees, with Mrs. Dunsmuir, went out to Miss Beryl Brown and Miss Jessie Firth, an extremely sound pair, who had the added prestige to help them that Miss Brown is the only player who has lowered Mrs. Greenlees' colours in any international match.

What was, perhaps, least expected of all, was that Mrs. J. B. Watson, partnered by Mrs. Alec Bowhill, should take leave of the event; but then Miss Marna Mellis has a very excellent long game, and, with her mother to supply the short, and four strokes to help them, they got home by 4 and 2, having never looked like doing anything else.

The afternoon was hotter than ever, with less air. How Miss C. M. Park and Miss M. G. Couper had the energy to get out in 38 amazed everyone, except that, of course, the fewer the shots the cooler you might hope to keep. Their 7 and 6 win from Miss Deeley and Miss Henderson put them full in the limelight; and into it, too, stepped Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mrs. Jack Burt. Now Mrs. Burt has only been at the game less than two years, she has never been in for a competition, and she has a wonderful knack of doing what she is told. With fourteen handicap and a partner like Mrs. Walker, she is one of the darkest of horses. They only had 4 strokes from Mrs. Coats and Mrs. Rome and they won by 2 and 1—stout work indeed. Miss Firth and Miss Brown had a desperate time before they could beat Mrs. Scorgie and Miss Lamont at the nineteenth, only having their ball holed at the sixteenth, and a fine 4 at the nineteenth achieved that. Miss Low and Mrs. Heaton survived a bad depression in the middle of the round, Mrs. and Miss Mellis, the latter playing splendid golf, came through again against someone so distinguished as Miss Purvis Russell-Montgomery and Miss Walker, previous winners, who turned 3 up on the mother and daughter pair. Great golf all of it. But the heat! And I suppose it is nothing to what you have in London. I pity you!

Yours ever, ELEANOR HELME.

Miss H. C. Buchanan and Mrs. W. A. Burnet (Ranfurly Castle), Miss Jean McCulloch (West Kilbride), and Mrs. F. G. Neilson (St. Nicholas), not actively employed, take a rest between whiles

Miss Beryl Brown (Formby), with and Mrs. A. Bracken (Dalmahoy)

Miss A. M. Glover and Miss K. G. Glover (Elie and Earls Ferry)

Lady Carr (Berkshire), Miss B. Henderson (St. Nicholas), Miss L. E. Deeley (St. Nicholas), and Mrs. T. G. Evers (Frelford Heath)

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Picking the Teams

THE sport of team selection is a game which is very popular with golfers of all handicaps. I have a friend who is particularly prone to this form of prognostication and flatters himself that he has an uncanny knack of anticipating the opinions of the official selectors. Personally, I claim no such knack, but so far I have held my own with him.

We play it under somewhat peculiar but rather amusing conditions. We select at various times during the season the teams which we think will represent the various countries in the international matches to take place throughout the season, and for every name that I get right he pays me the sum of five shillings. On the other hand, for every name that I include in my list which is not included in the official list I am fined half a crown. Having worked out how much I receive or pay out on my list, we then turn to his and proceed in exactly the same manner, and if there is any financial difference we adjust the matter. It really is rather a good game, because the excitement can continue right throughout the season. For instance, it is just time now for us to make out our first lists. We will repeat this procedure in three weeks' time for those matches which have not up to then taken place, and again in another three weeks' time, and thus we may have three identical lists or we may change our minds. But each list, when the final and official selections are made, is treated on its own merits against the list made by the other on the same date. In view of the fact that my friend has just deposited a copy of his first list with me, I have got to get to work and provide him with mine, and it has occurred to me that this week, which in a way may be described as a lull before the storm of the St. George's Vase and the Amateur and Open Championships, I will give you the benefit, if any, of my own ideas.

THE only one of these matches which concerns me at the moment is the Ryder Cup Match. We have made a rule that we are only going to choose eight, the actual eight to play both in singles and foursomes. I do not know if the Ryder Cup conditions allow of an interchange of players in singles and foursomes, which may bring the whole selected side of ten into the field of battle. For our purpose, therefore, my friend and I have agreed that, should more than eight be selected to play in the match, only those who play in the singles will count. We have already been given a little data on this subject, for the professionals have engaged in mortal combat three times already this season. The first time was in the Roehampton Invitation Tournament, the second in the Dunlop Southport Tournament, and the third in the *Yorkshire Evening News* Professional Tournament, which has just taken place near Leeds. In making my selection for this first list, I am naturally swayed by the results of these tournaments, but I am also (since I am financially-minded) swayed by the fact that I consider that the Selection Committee will probably do its best this year to give the younger professional, who has been knocking at the door for some time past, experience of big match play at the expense of those veterans who, good though they may be, cannot be expected to go on representing us for ever.

Let us turn first to the Roehampton result. This tournament was won by A. Dailey, of Bradley Hall, and he showed himself, as well as being a very fine player of all the shots, to be a particularly good putter. His success was a little unexpected, but since then he has confirmed the good impressions formed on his play by qualifying at Southport and then getting into the semi-final of the *Yorkshire Evening News* Tournament; there to be beaten only at the twenty-first hole by A. J. Lacey, of Selsdon Park. On his way, Dailey beat Abe Mitchell in the previous round and played very fine golf to do so. I think we may take it that Dailey has very well deserved his place.

The winner of the next tournament at Southport was W. H. Davies, of Wallasey. Davies has been long known as a very fine golfer indeed. Last year he had a chance at Prince's against Gene Sarazen in the Open, and, although he rather faded in the last two rounds, yet he put up a fine performance.

In the *Yorkshire Evening News* Tournament, Davies was only just beaten in the third round by Lacey, also at the twenty-first hole, after a terrific struggle, and Davies appears to me to have played himself into the team without any shadow of doubt. So have Lacey and A. H. Padgham, of Royal Ashdown Forest. I believe I am right in saying that it is the impression of the professionals themselves that the finest player of them all is Padgham. Such praise is praise indeed. I have watched Padgham play quite a lot, and I am not at all sure that I do not agree with the professionals in their estimate of this young man's skill.

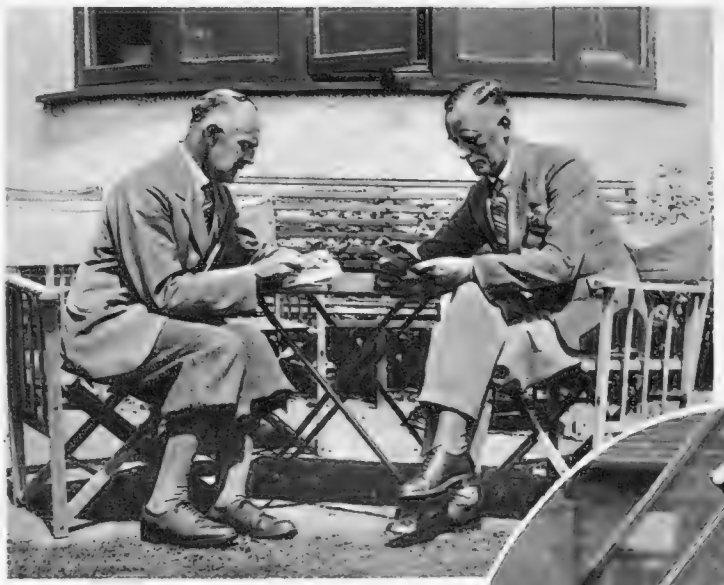
THAT leaves us with four places to fill. Those already selected are Davies—by no means a veteran for a long time yet—and three fine young golfers, in Lacey, Padgham, and Dailey. Another young man whom I would include in the team is A. Perry, of Leatherhead, who has not actually won a tournament this year, but has played consistently well and is likely to win a match to against anybody at any time. He seems me also to have the big match temperament.

We are now faced with the problem of filling the last three places, and the problem of which of the well-known names we are going to leave out. Those from whom I think the selection should be made are Percy Alliss, of Beaconsfield; Abe Mitchell, George Duncan, Archie Compston, Fred Robson, the Whitcombe brothers, and Arthur Havers. It is very difficult to decide finally between these men. Abe Mitchell has done enough this year, particularly in the *Yorkshire Evening News* Tournament, to justify selection However, I think I will take a risk and include him. George Duncan comes in as my Captain, especially to play Walter Hagen.

I find it difficult to make up my mind between Alliss and Havers for my last place; but I think Allis must get it in spite of his putting.

So my complete team is Duncan as Captain, Padgham, Lacey, Davies, Dailey, Alliss, Mitchell, and Perry in that order, provided Walter Hagen plays himself top.

I made out my list before the team was chosen by the Selection Committee and I am glad to see that, with one exception, their team is mine. I wonder if my reasons for the selectors' choice were also theirs?



Golf at Frinton

Murray Brown (Secretary of Frinton Golf Club) checking the score with Major Booth Jones outside the Club-house

Eric Fiddian, the Walker Cup player, leaving the church with his bride, Miss Molly Fieldhouse, also a well-known golfer, and holder of the Ladies' Midland Championship and Worcestershire Championship, a photograph taken after their marriage at St. Peter's Parish Church, Pedmore, Dudley, near Stourbridge

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JUNE, 1933

12th to 20th inclusive

12th **Racing.** Thurles Meeting.
Lawn Tennis. West of England Championships, Bristol.
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races, Isle of Man.
Chess. International Chess Congress, Folkestone. (June 12th to 24th).
Athletics. Business Houses Meeting, White City.

13th **Racing.** Ascot Meeting.
Lawn Tennis. West of England Championships, Bristol.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot.

14th **Racing.** Royal Hunt Cup, Ascot. Sligo Meeting.
Motor Cycling. Tourist Trophy Races, Isle of Man.
Cricket. Derbyshire v. West Indies, Derby.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot. Lincolnshire Agricultural, Boston.
Lawn Tennis. West of England Championships, Bristol.

15th **Racing.** Ascot Gold Cup. Naas Meeting.
Lawn Tennis. West of England Championships, Bristol.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot. Hertfordshire Agricultural Show, Hatfield.

16th **Fishing.** Freshwater Fishing begins, England and Wales.
Racing. Ascot Meeting.
Motor Cycling. Senior T.T. Race, Isle of Man.
Lawn Tennis. West of England Championships, Bristol.
Shows. Military Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot.

17th **Racing.** Hamilton Park, Windsor and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Polo. Invitation Tournament Final, Ranelagh.

17th **Shows.** Military Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot. Historical Pageant, Wakefield.
Cycling. World's Cycling Champ. Trials, Brooklands.
Athletics. Civil Service Sports, White City. Fifty Kilometres Road Walking Championships, Birmingham.
Motoring. Southport M.C. Race Meeting. Le Mans 24-hour Race and Rudge-Whitworth Cup. Liverpool M.C. 24-hour Trial.
Yachting. R.M.Y.C. Regatta, Hythe. Royal Yorkshire Y.C. (Holy Island Meet).

19th **Racing.** Folkestone Meeting.
Polo. Champion Cup, Hurlingham. Novices Cup and Verdun Cup, Ranelagh.
Lawn Tennis. Grass Court Champ'ships, Queen's Club.
Golf. British Amateur Championship, Hoylake.
Croquet. North of England Championships, Buxton.
Shows. Historical Naval Pageant, (19th to 24th June), Greenwich.
Greyhound Racing. The Coronation Stakes, Wembley Stadium (First Heats).

20th **Racing.** Newcastle, Folkestone, Curragh Meetings.
Archery. Summer Open Bow Tournament, Bath.
Golf. British Open Championship, Hoylake.
Lawn Tennis. Grass Court Champ'ships, Queen's Club.
Shows. Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, Dundee.
Greyhound Racing. Monmouthshire Summer Cup (First Heats), Newport.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

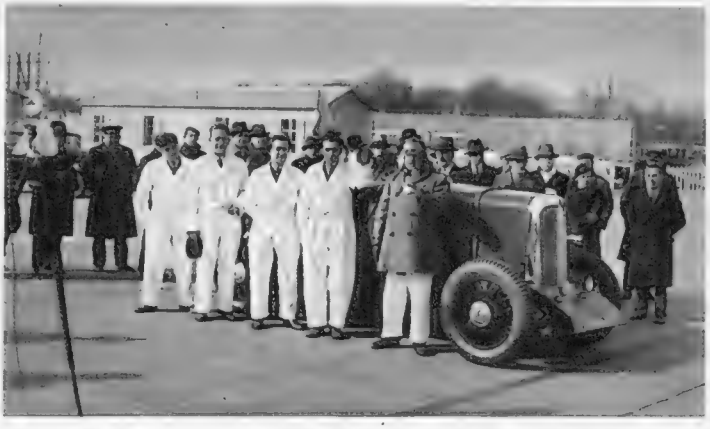
The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

What Mass-Production Means to the Motorist

"Of course, it's a mass production job!" The phrase is a familiar one, constantly used by motorists in criticism of or comment on some popular type of car.

Nearly always, I take it, the words are used in a somewhat disparaging sense. "Mass production" is commonly the explanation given for some unsatisfactory quality of running or general behaviour. Alternatively, if a mild compliment is intended, the wording may be, "It's a mass-production job—but not such a bad car, for all that!" In either case, it is assumed that this system of production is, in itself, disadvantageous.

Is this assumption, I wonder, quite a fair one? Visits made to the factories where motor-cars are built do not seem, in my experience, to reveal a vast difference in the degree of care and skilful workmanship which is devoted to the job in hand. In the works where a huge weekly output is achieved, I have certainly never observed cars being casually "thrown together" in the manner which the layman seems to contemplate.



One of the Citroën cars, with its team of drivers, engaged in accumulating records on the Montlhery Track. A 10 h.p. model has already achieved 100,000 miles of continuous running

THE chief distinction, in fact, which is immediately visible, is simply this. In the factory dealing in small-scale production, the half-built chassis stands still, and the workmen cluster round it, gradually fitting the various parts into place. In the mass-production factory, it is the workmen who stand still, and the chassis which moves past them travelling slowly on an endless carrier, à la staircase, and just allowing comfortable time for each man to carry out his appointed task.

It would not even be true to say that, in the making of the various parts, a higher standard of exactitude is sought or achieved in the smaller factory. In a very large works which I visited recently, I discovered a number of processes being carried out with tools tipped with diamond!

Now, two things, I suppose, are generally known concerning the diamond. In the first place, it is the hardest of all known materials, and, secondly, even in commercial form, it is rather expensive. To these I may add that, when applied to the machining of metal, it is capable of producing a surface of absolute satin-like smoothness. Its use for such a purpose is a novelty of definite benefit—and, I repeat, it was in a mass-production factory that I first saw it at work.

IF there is any real defect in the mass-produced car, it is, I suggest, merely that it may lack something in "character," that individuality which, even to-day, is much prized by the keen driver. I suppose, however, that the vast majority of motorists now regard their cars mainly as utilitarian vehicles. It is not often, nowadays, that one hears of anybody taking out a car simply in order to "go motoring." Nearly always, a definite journey with a definite objective is projected, and the car

(*Continued on page 504*)

The Doggy World

Sun and Sea: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I PASSED a house not long ago which was on the high road, and there I saw puppies exposed for sale in a sort of cage on which the sun shone blindingly. I can assure you that although the sun was blinding, it was nothing to the searing effect of my words when I went inside, and I think that I frightened the owner pretty badly.

This matter of sun is a thing where a dog must be allowed to make its own choice; that is, it must be able to get into the shade, if necessary, and I am not sure that it is not more cruel to deprive it of shade than to keep it in a cold spot (either is unnecessary). I am sure that all dogs re-act differently to sun, just as we do. I view with amazement the people who lie about, exposing themselves to the glaring sun and revelling in it. If I lie in the sun, even with a parasol over my head, I am sick, full of aches and pains, and generally ill for days. It has to do with the different character of different people's physical "make-up"—in another and more scientific word, their metabolism.

I HAVE three dogs; two of them take every opportunity of lying in the shade, even in cold, dark corners, while the other one will lie for hours in the blazing sun, so I let each dog do what it likes best. But the dreadful thing to see is a dog longing for shade, and perhaps chained to a kennel or even turned out in a small garden where there is no shade. It is quite easy to provide a patch of coolness. You can stretch a washing rope and hang a sheet on it, or, if it is a small dog, you can put out a packing-case which will give all the shade that is necessary, but, at any rate, please do something, and don't judge the dog's feelings by your own, because they are not identical.

I have seen equally bad cases caused by leaving a dog in a car where the sun pours in. If you can't put the car in the shade, don't leave the dog in it.

THERE are different opinions about sea-bathing for dogs, and, again, I am sure, that you must differentiate between the animals that it suits and those that it does not. Some dogs get skin trouble from the salt water, and others get diarrhœa from dabbling in it and swallowing it. I should never, never force a dog into the water, above all, into sea-water, for it is not its natural element, and I don't see why it should suit every dog any more than it suits every human being. There are some dogs that simply adore water, and these animals will take every opportunity of swimming.

An English Expert in America

Lady Kitty Ritson, judging a class at the annual Morris and Essex Kennel Club Show at Madison, New Jersey

I ONCE saw a dog nearly drown in the sea. He was a good and powerful swimmer, but he seemed to lose his sense of direction, and he went steadily in the direction of France. A small child, eight years of age went after him, but even his shouts were of no avail, and, finally, the child became tired out. We were all at our wits' end, when, by chance, a fishing-boat came along, and they managed to get the dog on board. But he never went into the sea again.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

(Continued from page 502)

is used merely as the most comfortable and convenient means of transport.

Even so, the mass-produced car is by no means so completely standardised as is commonly imagined. Very often, a big firm will turn out half a dozen different chassis, each carrying six or eight different styles of coachwork. This at once gives the purchaser forty or more different models from which to make his choice—so that he should have no great difficulty in finding something to suit him exactly.

SOME of the merits of which a mass-produced car is capable were brought home to me very forcibly when I was over in Paris a few days ago. On the Montlhery track, I saw two Citroën cars, skimming round, lapping at speeds of about 60 and about 80 m.p.h. respectively. It was the smaller of these two which riveted my attention. Of only 10 h.p., it was steadily reeling off, lap after lap, at a rate which, allowing for stops, was working out at over 57 m.p.h.

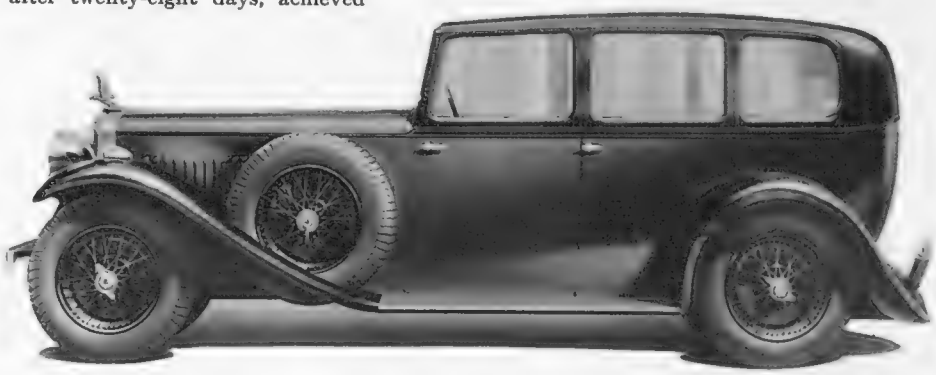
"Good going!" you say? Good going it certainly could be considered, even if maintained for only a few hundred miles. In fact, however, the few circuits which I witnessed were the culmination of no less than 77 days' and nights' continuous running! Nor, at the time of writing, has this motoring Marathon yet been concluded. For all I know, the same car may still be lapping at the same speed when this article appears in print!

The mileage which is being covered is, of course, colossal. At the time of my visit to Montlhery, this little car had already exceeded the huge total of 100,000 miles. Let us consider, for a moment, what such a figure implies.

TO obtain a comparison, we must imagine a private motorist buying a 10-h.p. Citroën, and driving it, at the rate of 10,000 miles per annum for ten years in succession. We must envisage this motorist habitually going "all out," and maintaining a regular speed of about 60 m.p.h. Most amazing of all, we must imagine him driving in this manner for ten years without meeting with a single serious mishap or break-down!

It must be understood, of course, that absolutely no replacement of parts is permitted during an officially observed test run of this nature. Thus, the larger Citroën was "counted out," owing to a ball-bearing becoming defective, after a mere 50,000 miles had been covered at an average speed of about 74 miles per hour. This car had, after twenty-eight days, achieved the equivalent of about five years' normal running—only to have its progress halted by a defect which, on the track, proved capable of repair within an hour, and which would have held up the average owner for perhaps twenty-four hours.

WHEN one appreciates the fatal nature even of so commonplace a mishap, the 100,000 or more miles covered by the smaller Citroën appear as an even more amazing feat. Moreover, it must be remembered, that this 10-h.p. model is a distinctly cheap car in first cost. It is mass-produced; and it is built for the ordinary, not-very-wealthy European motorist. There could surely be no more impressive vindication of the "popular" light car in general, and, of this justly successful marque, in particular.



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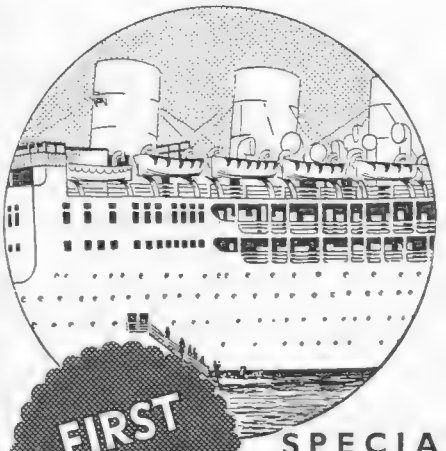

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

SUMMER-TIME MAKE-UP.

"THE art of good dressing is to dress appropriately," and, most certainly, this question of what is appropriate, fitting, suitable, must govern the use or abuse of cosmetics. But then arises the question: to what must cosmetics be appropriate?—To one's position in life, to the taste of one's nearest relations, to one's own mood? The title even suggests that this aptness should be seasonal!

I believe, first and foremost—and it is almost a creed with me—that make-up should be loyal to the natural complexion. I believe in flattering Nature and not contradicting her!

Then, I most certainly think that circumstances alter faces or, rather, make permissible, faces of which the sheer inappropriateness would be a shock, if not an offence, at other times.

FOR instance suppose a woman is making her toilet for some potentially exciting party on a winter evening. She is going to wear a new and ravishing frock. Outside, there is fog and gloom. She knows the lighting will be kind to her. She wants to make a brilliant effect. It would not only be permissible, but desirable, that she should heighten her beauty by means of, say, a little more rouge than usual if she "goes in for" vivid colouring, a deeper pallor if she is of the "magnolia petal" type, and add to the allure of her eyes by farding "the shadowy mystery of her lids" and lengthening the sweep of lashes with mascara. And, by thus intensifying the outward and visible signs of a mood

and a moment, she would probably not only look, but be ravishing. But suppose, enamoured of its success, that woman continued to employ that particular make-up and appeared on the tennis court in June, in bright sun-light, wearing a tailored washing frock and coloured sweater (we will not accuse this type of "shorts"!), with heavily farded face, langourously shadowed eyes and flagrantly vermilion lips, she would not only look "all wrong," but positively ridiculous.

WE have reached the few months when it really is possible, even in England, to spend a maximum number of hours in the open and indulge in those sports and pastimes in the fresh air to which we are addicted. Even the workers have the increasingly long evenings at their disposal, and the fact that our summers are short inevitably makes us the more avid of alfresco opportunity. The English "go back to Nature" in the summer, and every year they do so with more enthusiasm and fewer clothes.

And "back to Nature" must be the slogan for practitioners of cosmetic art. Stockingless legs, sun-tinged bare arms and back, cannot be topped by an obviously made-up face. And yet it is just that little extra touch of rouge on the cheeks and lips that adds to the glow of natural health and beauty, the film of invisible powder to maintain the matt peach-like bloom of the complexion which give the finished, *soigné* appearance which every well-dressed woman desires and which adds to her natural beauty and thus to her self-confidence and charm.

THE word "natural" recurs. That is the point. A summer-time make-up should be a *natural* one. No need to experiment with a dozen cosmetics to discover the one to give the "appropriate effect." "Tangee" lipstick and rouge have the peculiar and mysterious property of adapting themselves to the colouring of their users. For blonde, brunette, or Titian beauty, "Tangee" is equally suitable. Some chemical transmutation makes this rouge take on the natural colouring of the skin to which it is applied. With a dusting of fine powder, and a touch of "Tangee" on lips and cheeks, the perfect summer-time make-up can be achieved, and a woman may face the searching sunlight, or the most critical eyes of friends or enemies conscious that she is looking her best without arousing any suspicion of "artificial aid."

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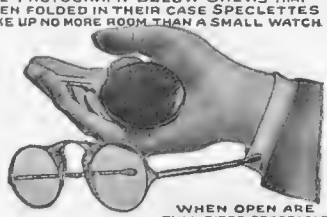

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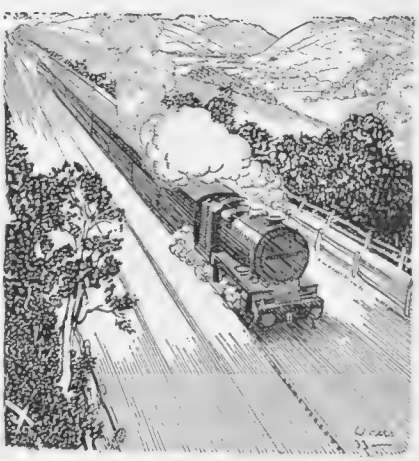

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"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the May Monthly Medal Competition

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. handicap division every winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Mrs. J. N. Chick	Castle Bromwich	73	9	64	73	9 below
Miss M. E. Butler	Fairhaven	81	15	66	75	9 "
Mrs. G. M. Jarron	Birstall	82	15	67	75	8 "
Mrs. W. C. Macfarlane	Cleveland	86	17	69	76	7 "
Mrs. T. G. Evers	Frilford Heath	74	5	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Danby	Northendon	86	17	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Smedley	Burton-on-Trent	83	17	66	72	6 "
Mrs. C. M. Yates	Basingstoke	87	17	70	76	6 "
Miss I. Doxford	Chislehurst	70	4	66	71	5 "
Miss P. Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	74	4	70	75	5 "
Mrs. C. Edmeston	Worsley	78	9	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Walter C. Phillips	Newport	78	9	69	74	5 "
Mrs. S. H. Tyson	West Lancs	77	9	68	73	5 "
Miss M. Justice	North Hants	81	11	70	75	5 "
Miss J. McLachlan	Ranfurly Castle	84	11	73	78	5 "
Miss P. Tate	Tamworth	82	14	68	73	5 "
Mrs. E. E. Daunton	Pollards Hill	82	16	66	71	5 "
Miss D. Ringer	Copt Heath	87	18	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Walker	West Essex	74	4	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Cyril Beard	Ferndown	79	7	72	76	4 "
Miss N. Halsted	Banstead Downs	78	7	71	75	4 "
Mrs. W. B. Wilson	Bowdon	84	11	73	77	4 "
Miss S. Bush	Highcliffe Castle	79	14	65	69	4 "
Miss Cholerton	Derbyshire	85	15	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Ian Clark	Calcutta	85	16	69	73	4 "
Mrs Hewison	Bedford and County	87	16	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Harton	Walmley	87	17	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Bason	Prestbury and Upton	78	4	74	77	3 "
Mrs. M. Tucker	Royal Blackheath	83	12	71	74	3 "
Miss H. Shadlock	Thonock	84	15	69	72	3 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Lillie	Castle Bromwich	90	36	54	73	19 below
Mrs. J. H. Baxter	Crewe	94	36	58	73	15 "
Mrs. A. Haining	Hazel Grove	99	36	63	76	13 "
Mrs. C. M. Rollo	Wanstead	90	36	63	75	12 "
Miss B. Pinson	Ferndown	95	29	66	76	10 "
Miss M. Christie-Miller	Hawkstone Park	95	30	65	75	10 "
Mrs. Hodgson	Whaley Bridge	82	24	58	68	10 "
Mrs. H. J. M. Johnston	Bedford and County	95	29	66	75	9 "
Mrs. Mathews	Ashford Manor	97	29	68	77	9 "
Mrs R. J. Coulter	Newport	94	29	65	74	9 "
Mrs K. A. W. Deakin	Camberley Heath	95	29	66	75	9 "
Miss Joan Kenyon	Newport	99	34	65	74	9 "
Mrs. Dashwood	Lyme Regis	89	24	65	73	8 "
Miss Ursula Evans	Derbyshire	92	26	66	74	8 "
Miss M. Jones	Walsall	102	34	68	76	8 "
Mrs. Eberlin	Notts	105	36	69	77	8 "
Miss L. Pegarty	Wigan	86	28	68	70	7 "
Miss J. Kirk	Oakdale	101	32	69	76	7 "
Miss W. N. Saunders	Long Ashton	87	19	68	74	6 "
Miss E. Myatt	Leek	91	24	67	73	6 "
Mrs. J. A. Manning	Blackpool	98	28	70	76	6 "
Mrs. T. Harford	Pollards Hill	94	29	65	71	6 "
Mrs. J. B. Hine	La Moye	100	36	64	70	6 "
Miss Strike	Shirley Park	101	32	69	75	6 "
Miss B Hunter	Arbroath	90	21	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Hilder	Chislehurst	96	30	66	71	5 "
Miss C. M. Haworth	Cheadle	95	32	63	68	5 "
Miss V. Wilson	Hawkstone Park	106	36	70	75	5 "
Miss P. R. Heywood	Chislehurst	102	36	66	71	5 "
Miss L. M. Mayo	Cowes	87	19	68	72	4 "

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*

MACARONI À L'ITALIENNE

OU

LANGOUSTE EN KARI À LA SULTAN

*

CANARD À L'ESPAGNOL

POMMES NOUVELLES

*

MACÉDOINE DE FRUITS

*

OEUFS À LA PROVENÇALE

*

CAFÉ

Macaroni à l'Italienne

COOK 2 oz. of macaroni, in boiling salted water for twenty minutes, drain it well, and put back into the saucepan with 1 oz. of butter. Season well with salt and white pepper, and stir in 2 oz. of grated cheese; turn the macaroni lightly with a fork until the cheese is melted, then stir in sufficient tomato sauce to moisten it, and when this is well mixed and hot, serve at once.

Langouste en Kari à la Sultan

MELT 2 oz. of butter in a stew-pan, add an onion, finely chopped, and fry it a golden colour; add a small tablespoonful of curry-powder and the same of flour, and fry all well together. Add gradually three-quarters of a pint of white stock, or that quantity of milk. When the sauce is smooth add a spoonful of chutney and another of cream. Add the flesh of a crayfish, previously removed from the shell and chopped, and stew it in the sauce for about half an hour. Serve in a border of well-boiled rice.

Canard à l'Espagnol

PARTLY roast a good-sized duck, untruss it, and cut into neat joints. Line a stewpan with slices of streaky bacon, then put in the duck and season. Add two gills of stock, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, and half a gill of white wine. Simmer slowly for thirty minutes, and take up the pieces of duck and strain the sauce. Have ready about a dozen small carrots, which have been boiled, put them in a saucepan, with half a gill of white wine, boil up, and add to the duck. Simmer a little longer, and skim well, dish up, and garnish with the carrots and a few fried croutons.

Oeufs à la Provençale

BOIL four eggs hard, shell and cut them in halves lengthways. Remove the yolks, and pound them well with three boned anchovies, 2 oz. of watercress, some butter, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a pinch of cayenne. When well pounded, rub through a sieve, and fill the whites with the mixture. Dish up on shredded lettuce, and pour a little mayonnaise sauce over.

The Editor's Box

Pictures To See

An attractive collection of water-colours by Rowley Smart is now on view at the galleries of Messrs. J. Leger and Son, at 13, Old Bond Street. Mr. Smart is a protégé of Augustus John, and is an artist whose pictures are very well thought of by those who are interested in the work of the younger men. His exhibition will be open until the end of this month.

"The Bystander" Cruise—Off on Saturday!

There is still time to buy a ticket and go with it—go on the S.S. Lapland on its lovely two weeks' round by Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores. This 19,000-ton Red Star luxury liner, which has been specially fitted for hot weather cruising, leaves London on the 17th, and returns on July 1st, the whole trip costing from as little as £20, a double stateroom and bath costing £30 per passenger.

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Special photographs will be taken on the trip, and passengers will be able to "spot" themselves in these when they are published in THE BYSTANDER, and so become entitled to claim a guinea for the "spotting." Full particulars of the cruise—and don't forget that there *is* still time to do something about it—may be obtained from all travel agencies, and from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course. and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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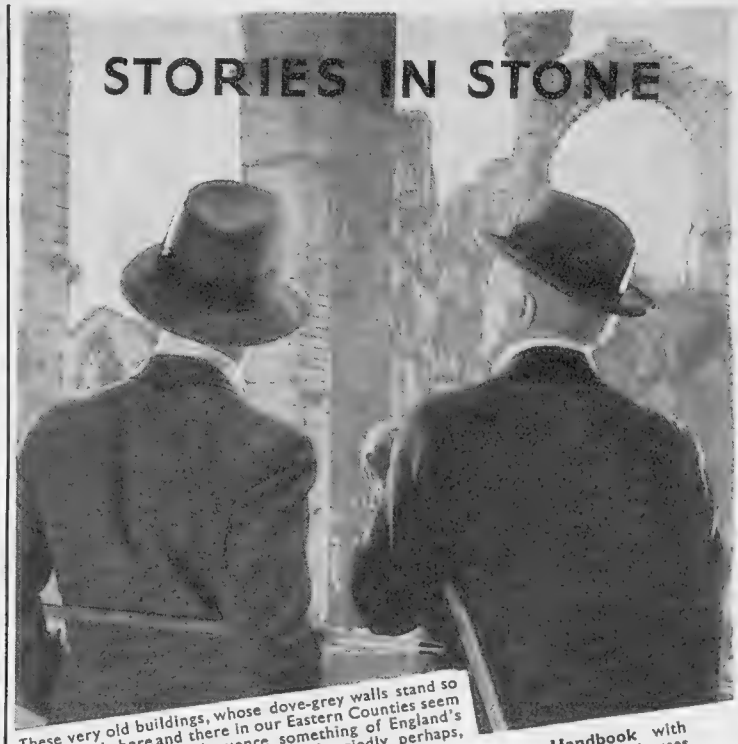

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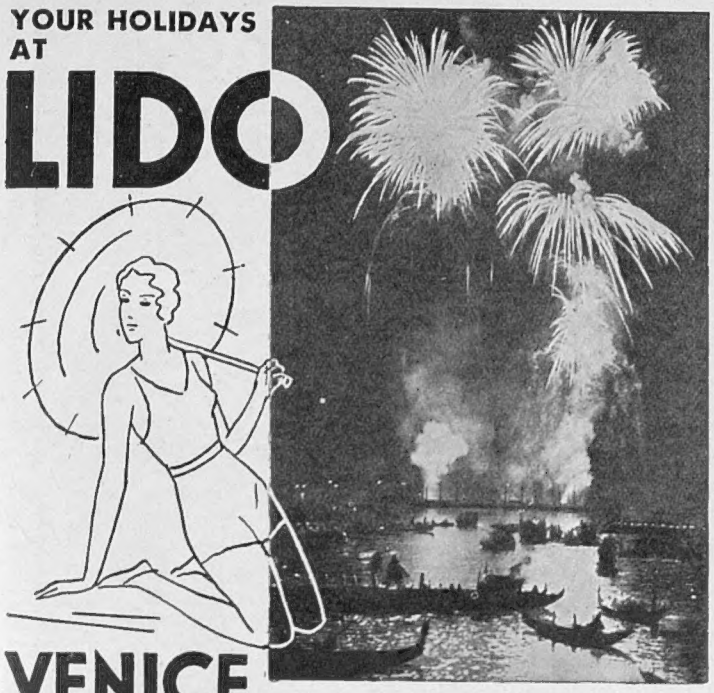

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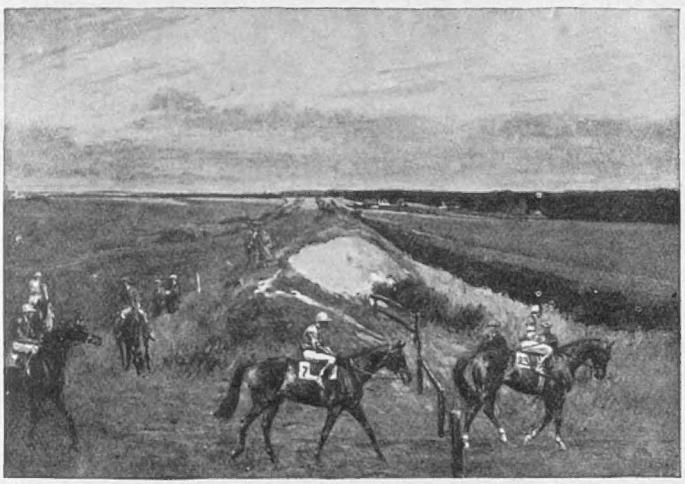

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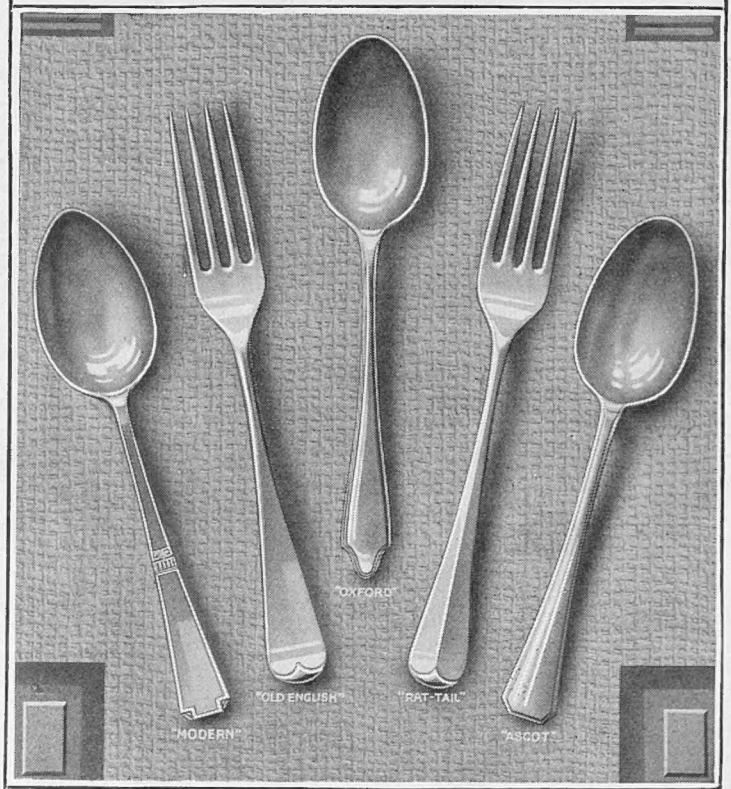

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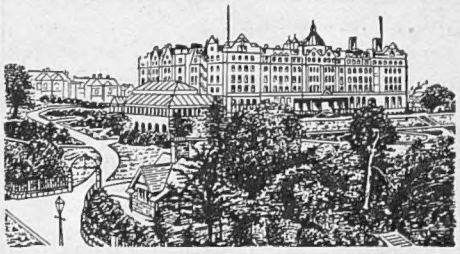

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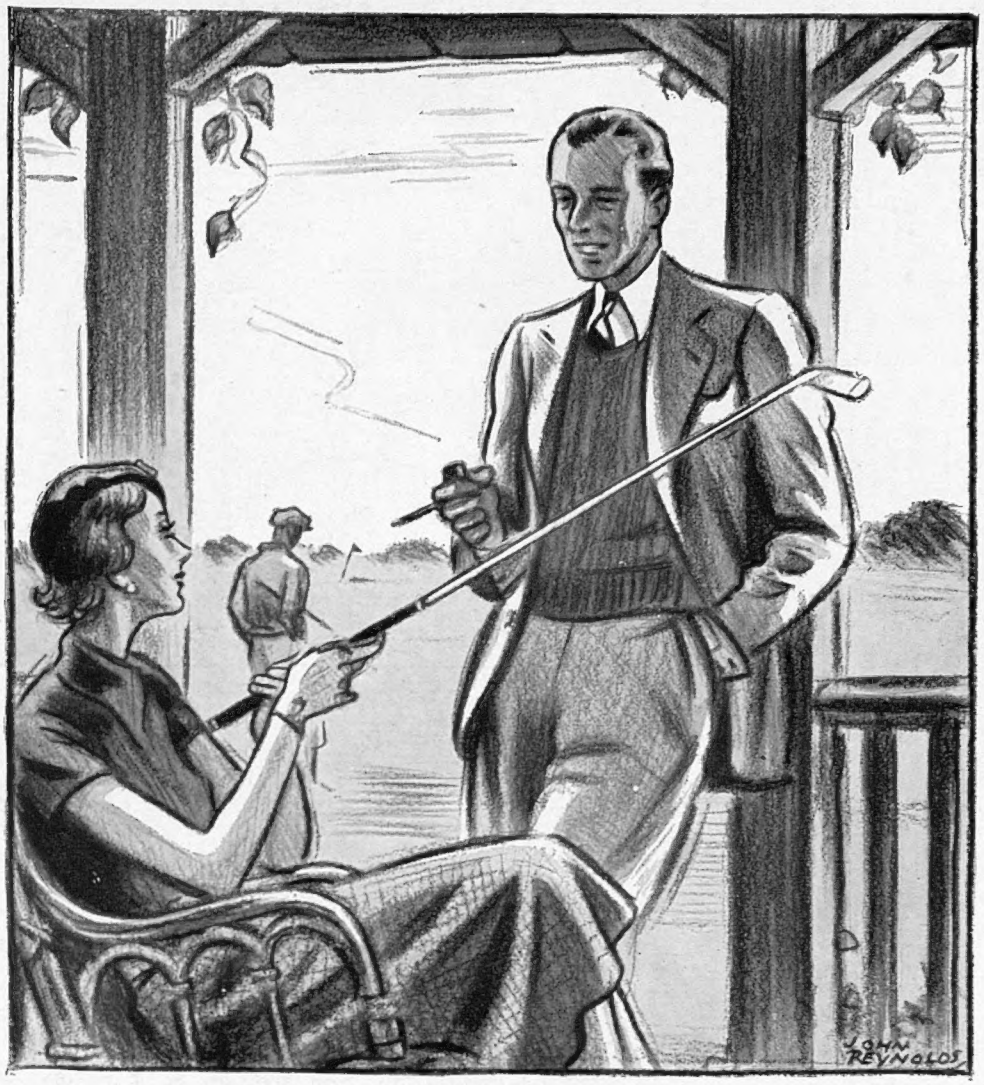

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